

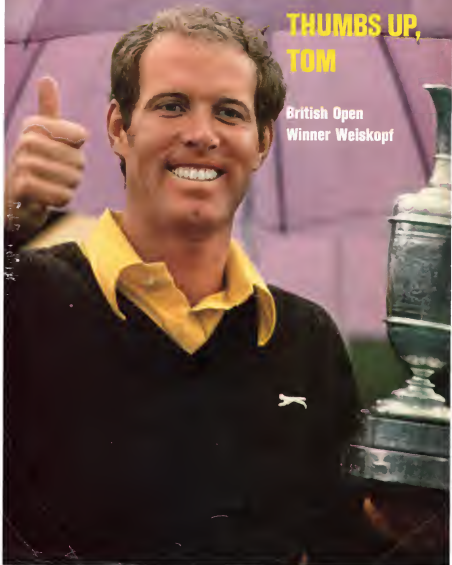
# Sports Illustrated

JULY 22, 1973

60 CENTS

## THUMBS UP, TOM

British Open  
Winner Welskopf





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Wausau, Wisconsin



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**Aluminum:  
Pass it on**

 **ALCOA**

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## Next week

PENSKE POWER comes to offshore racing in New Jersey's Hennessey Grand Prix, where Jolly Roger, owner of exemplary racing cars, will try to pirate off a prize in his watery debut.

AFFLUENCE among its athletes is a dread Boston disease bet, as Melvin Maddocks relates, it has not infected Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk, a man of New Hampshire grit.

MONEY is not what makes Bobby RIES run, he tells Curry Kirkpatrick. His spark is the ambition to be a celebrity again and to bask once more in the bright light of life's center court.



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Senior Editor, 1996-1997: ...

Thomas McGuane is a special contributor to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* whose work appears frequently in our pages, but he is not by profession a sports journalist. He is a novelist and, to judge by the critical acclaim he is receiving this week upon publication of his third book, *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, he is a very good one. He also is a very good outdoorsman, and his two worlds blend in this latest work, an excerpt from which appeared in our June 4 issue.

*Ninety-Two* is a stark story of a Florida Keys fishing guide, a come-tragic evocation of Key West sporting life. It is a subject McGuane knows intimately, for he lives there half the year fly-rotting for tarpon, bonefish and permit and accumulating a level of knowledge that has led the best guides in the region to hint that McGuane is good enough to join their profession. (They also hope he doesn't, that being the way of guides everywhere.)

But McGuane divides his living and angling time with another locale, his ranch near Livingston, Mont. It is from there he has given us the story that begins on page 42, the seasons of the year as viewed by a trout fisherman.

The fish are far smaller in McGuane's favorite northern streams, but when the storytelling starts, even at his Key West home, it often turns to trout—and

Montana. McGuane is there right now, living one of the better lives we know of: fishing, backpacking, getting ready for the grouse, duck and deer seasons. And pausing occasionally to gaze dreamily at the walls of what he calls his junk room. Up there, above the clutter, are two brown trout, both five-pounders. McGuane has caught fish 20 times as big, far stronger and more spectacular fish, but no two of them were caught on consecutive casts as were these trout. Such is the good life.

The idylls of Tom McGuane, this pattern of follow-the-fish, is part of his success. Frequently in Livingston, McGuane heads off backpacking in the wilderness. "I go in and get out and get back to work," he says, "and thus keep myself refreshed all the time."

When early winter makes it too refreshing, McGuane packs his rods, typewriter, wife Becky and 6-year-old son Thomas and heads back to Key West. There the flats await, the conversations with the guides, the visits of his writer-artist friends. And something else, which it is only fair to warn you of, McGuane is returning to sailing, an old passion. He has bought himself a Meadowlark, a sailboat of Herreshoff design, which draws only 16 inches with the lee boards up, just right for the waters near his favorite bonefish flats.

To insure once again that his interests travel with him, right now in Livingston he is preparing "to lay hands on a little 14-foot sloop," as he puts it. "I've never seen a sailboat around here, but it seems like a grand idea to take our sleeping bags and sail up the arms of Yellowstone Lake into real wilderness. We can get there without breaking our backs, and there is a lot of wilderness country you simply can't hike to. We'll sail in and fish for trout when we get there. It should make a great story."

O.K., Tom, but look out for the mast on your buckcast.

Sack







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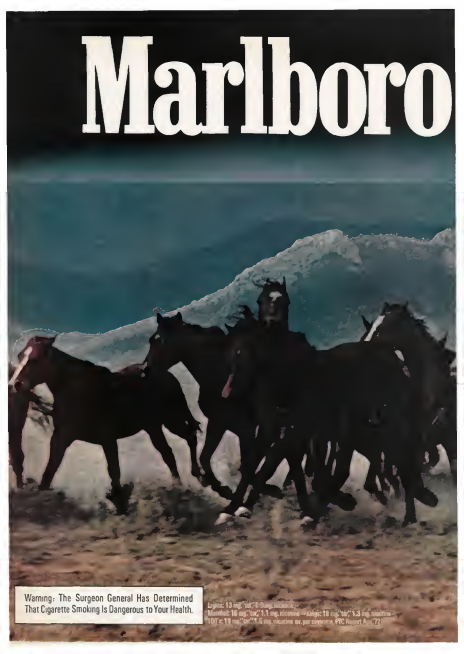
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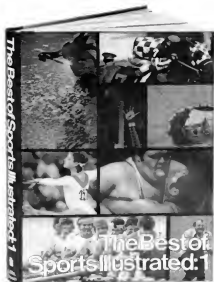
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- "Beauty and the Beast," by Frank Detord—an interview with Robyn Smith, the prettiest and most dedicated jockey in racing
- "Slamming the Door on Jack," by Dan Jenkins, author of the best-selling novel, *Semi-Tough*—at the British Open, in which Jack Nicklaus did not win the Grand Slam
- "A la Recherche du Tanks Perdue," by Robert F. Jones—on returning to competitive swimming after twenty years
- Jerry Kirshenbaum and Kenny Moore, the Olympic runner, on the terror at Munich.
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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## MONEY FOR STARS

In 1972 the Houston Open was skipped by 16 of the 25 leading money-winners. So this year the tournament sponsors boosted the purse from \$125,000 to \$205,000—the fifth-largest prize on the PGA tour—in the hope of drawing the game's big names. And again they stayed away. This thorny problem of nonappearance has existed for tournament sponsors since the tour began to boom 15 years ago, and now the people at Houston think they may have come up with the solution: in 1974 they would like to base their purse on a sliding scale.

The minimum prize money would be \$150,000, but for every one of what Houston regards as golf's big four—Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player—who appears, the prize money would increase \$10,000. The sum would jump another \$10,000 if the current top money-winner should enter and an additional \$10,000—to a maximum of \$210,000—if the event receives a national television contract.

"We didn't take a bath this year, but almost," says William Chapline, Houston Golf Association president. "We're afraid that if we go out and sponsor another \$205,000 purse we could lose \$50,000 or \$60,000. This way, top money will be paid only if the top players participate."

The idea is a worthwhile one, but it is most unlikely that it will be put into effect. "We are still negotiating with Houston," says Joe Dey, the pro tour's commissioner, "but I doubt if our players' tournament committee will accept the Houston proposition. It would mean re-writing our tournament regulations. I can see the sponsors' point of view, but our players are free and independent. They can't be ordered around like members of a football team. The Houston plan seems to put unreasonable pressure on the big names to appear. We have 47 major events on our schedule. If the Houston plan became general, would the best players not be under pressure to ap-

pear every single week? I may be wrong, but I doubt if the players will go along with this. The best way to draw a top field is still to put on a top tournament."

Which means the problem still has thorns—and sponsors are getting stickier about it.

## THE UNEMPLOYED WRESTLER

Until he decided to appeal a decision that denied him state unemployment compensation, Peter J. Lutz, 26, was just another college athlete hidden somewhere in the great American average. He made the UCLA wrestling team in 1970 on a full athletic scholarship, went through five matches, then was sidelined with knee injuries. Not exactly the sort of career that would stir the campus. But now the Lutz case has launched the school into a full investigation of his allegations that athletes are guaranteed grades under preferential treatment.

At the root of the matter is Lutz' full-time job as a laborer from May 11 to Oct. 5, 1972. In applying for unemployment insurance after leaving the job, it was noted that Lutz also claimed to be a full-time student. And since an unemployed claimant presumably would have to be available for work, how could he do both? Lutz told the examiners, under oath, that although he did not attend classes, because he was an athlete he was routinely given credit for doing so, that he was guaranteed a C or better grade and, in at least one case, he could arrange for someone to take an exam for him.

UCLA was shocked. "He hasn't competed or worked out with the team for two years," said Wrestling Coach Dave Hollinger. It was pointed out that it is school policy to continue to carry injured athletes on scholarship until their class graduates. Athletic Director J.D. Morgan noted, "We cannot guarantee anything in the academic process. We have lost athletes on grades just the same as the university loses other students."

Understandably, a full investigation is

under way. Cases of this sort pop up now and then in all conferences and, particularly if the school is an athletic powerhouse like UCLA, critics seem all too ready to believe the worst. As for Lutz, he is quoted by the Associated Press as saying, "It was my understanding that the hearing was confidential. This makes me sick. UCLA has been very good to me." Which it has, if only by keeping him on scholarship.

Since Lutz' statements were made under oath, the probe should determine if UCLA was even better than good.

## SEND IN TODAY!

Any grown-up reader of this magazine who is a survivor of Little Orphan Annie's Ovaltine promotions or a retired Tom Mix Ralston Purina Straight Shooter will be cheered to know that the ultimate box-top, send-in-your-money offer is coming up this fall. Only serious adults need apply.

The Viceroy people, who make the cigarettes and sponsor the Parnelli Jones Viceroy Special race cars, will make a national coupon offer in September: send in the end panel from a carton of Viceroy



roy cigarettes and \$75,000 and receive one used Indianapolis race car.

Understand now, the offer is perfectly serious. The cars are available and will be shipped upon receipt of the box top and check. They are last year's models, campaigned at the 1972 Indy 500 and on the USAC Championship Trail by Al Unser and Mario Andretti. Al's car finished second at Indy and fourth in standings for the season; Mario ended up 11th overall, although he led six of the last seven races before dropping out for one

continued

reason or another. The machines were designed by British notable Maurice Philippe and each represents a \$100,000 investment by Parnell Jones Enterprises.

Used-car buffs should note that each racer (four are available, counting backup cars) is a clean, low-mileage cream puff—950 hp and only drives a little bit on Sundays. They also meet new federal emission standards since they don't burn fossil fuels. In fact, there are but two minor drawbacks. About 1.5 miles to the gallon is all you can hope for, and the warranties have run out.

#### OUT OF THE POOL FOR SHANE

It may well be that international swimming has seen the last of Shane Gould, the girl from Sydney who won three gold medals at Munich and is holder of three world freestyle records ranging from the 200 meters to the 1,500. At a family dinner table meeting the other night she decided that she would not swim at the Belgrade world championships later this year or at next January's Commonwealth Games in Christchurch.

Shane did say that she would come out of retirement to prepare for the Montreal Olympics, but few believe that her chances of recapturing the necessary dedication and determination are good. After two years of studying and pursuing "other interests in life," she can anticipate difficulty in returning to the Spartan existence of a swimmer in training.

"I have lost a lot of interest in swimming," she said. "I have found other interests in life and my increase in weight [from 133 to 154] has not helped." Her decision has left her coach, Forbes Carlile, gasping. Seeing her on her recent return from America, he said: "It's terrible. I'm shocked."

#### WHO'S IN FIRST?

It's easy enough to pick up the *Miami Herald* or *San Francisco Chronicle* and find out if the Yankees are ahead of the Red Sox. But if you follow Florida State League baseball it's not easy to find the standings at all. It is, in fact, impossible.

With just over half of the league's schedule completed, a dogfight is going on for the Northern Division pennant. Four of the five teams—St. Petersburg, Lakeland, Daytona Beach and Tampa—are battling for first place. But nobody knows who is actually in first place.

"I was asked by our manager where we were in the standings last week," says

Willie Sanchez, Daytona Beach general manager. "Now that's a reasonable question. Our paper [the *Daytona Beach News Journal*] refuses to carry the standings because the standings are so wrong all the time."

Of nine general managers polled at a recent Tampa meeting only three knew where their teams stood.

The *Orlando Sentinel Star*, in a survey of newspapers in the league area, found that all but one believed St. Petersburg was in first place. One felt that Lakeland was leading. Tampa was either in second or third position, depending on which paper you read. Winter Haven, with either a 33-62, 35-61, 35-60 or 34-63 record, was definitely in last place.

If you really care you could call the league office in Lakeland? Nope. It doesn't know either. Game results are sent in by mail, and...

#### TIGHT LINES IN THE MARITIMES

From J. Larry Hawkes of Portland, Maine, who caught his first salmon on the Tobique River at the age of eight and is still casting for them 70 years later, comes word that fishing in Canada's Maritimes is highly satisfactory this year.

Just back from the Gaspé coast in Quebec, Hawkes reported "most encouraging" conditions on Canadian salmon rivers. All rivers in the Gaspé area, including the famed Restigouche, are having heavy runs of fish, even better than those of 1972 when catches far exceeded those of several previous seasons. The improvement is attributed in great part to the ban on salmon netting at the mouths of rivers in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec.

#### MAYBE IT HITCHHIKED

It has been four years since conservation officials of Wyoming and Missouri set themselves to the task of solving the Mystery of the Wandering Elk. They have not yet succeeded. Nor are they likely to.

During the 1969 white-tailed deer season in Osage County, Mo., a hunter killed an elk bearing Wyoming ear tag EE6987. The hunter had mistaken it for a deer.

The elk was killed 750 miles from where it had been tagged in Yellowstone National Park and released near Lusk, Wyo. Conservation officials found it hard to believe that an elk, without some such assistance as riding in the back of a truck, could have crossed either Nebraska or part of Colorado, including a pos-

sible trip around metropolitan Denver, then Kansas and half of Missouri without being seen. But EE6987 did it.

#### THE WOOLLEYGATE AFFAIR

Not all the reverberations from the Kerry Jackson case have died down. Kerry is the Galveston high school football player who was declared ineligible for the 1972 season at Oklahoma because his transcript was altered to make him out a better student than he was. Joe Woolley, head football coach at Ball High School, admitted falsifying Jackson's class standing and was demoted to a job in the maintenance department.

But this past week the Galveston school board reinstated Woolley in his former job. Whereupon seven of the school's eight assistant football coaches resigned their athletic posts, as did George W. Hatch, the head basketball coach whose team is expected to be a contender for the state title next year.

One of the resigned coaches, Charles Akala, accused the board of playing politics and ignoring the welfare of the children. Mrs. Ray Schaper, one of three trustees who disassociated themselves from the reinstatement of Woolley, said the board's action "compromised the integrity of this entire school district."

After learning that the transcripts of Jackson and Mike Phillips, another 1972 Ball High graduate, had been altered to allow their entry into the university on football scholarships, Oklahoma forfeited seven regular-season football victories and its Sugar Bowl win over Penn State.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Casey Stengel, on the old days of baseball: "When I played in Brooklyn, I could go to the ball park for a nickel carfare. But now I live in Pasadena and it costs me \$15 or \$16 to take a cab to Glendale. If I was a young man I'd study to become a cab driver." Not enough Casey? O.K. On designated hitters: "I had 42 of 'em."

• Whitney Herzog, manager of the last-place Texas Rangers, after accusing the Milwaukee Brewers of stealing his team's signs: "Can you imagine a team that has to cheat to beat us?"

• Frank Robinson of the California Angels: "My bat was so slow that one time a fly lit on it when I swung."

• Bill Vecek, asked the first thing he would do if named commissioner of baseball: "Resign."

END

# Smoking.

## What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments. And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

# HIS FIRST HURRAH

*Tom Terrific wins the British Open, ties a storied course record and gives hint of a budding era: Weiskopf's*

by DAN JENKINS

The real Troon never stood up and identified itself but the real Tom Weiskopf (see cover) finally did. That was the story of the British Open, played last week among the trains and planes and rains of Scotland's west coast. Weiskopf started winning his first major championship on opening day, and he kept right on winning it with the kind of golf that he has always been capable of. Which is to say a game that combines furious power and artful finesse coming from a swing that looks better in human form than any artist can re-create in books and magazines with those arrows and dotted lines and shaded areas. Swing like this. Oh, yeah? Swing like Tom Weiskopf. That's what you do.

When the British Open was played at Troon 11 years ago, and Arnold Palmer won it with the best golf of his life, everybody departed saying that Palmer was a god and Troon was a beast. Palmer had shot an Open record 276, beating runner-up Kel Nagle by six strokes and everybody else by an astonishing 13. Everyone figured that this year, too, the wind would howl and the heather and whins would leap up and scatter the field, which included the strongest American entry ever. The champion would be the fellow who merely remained on his feet.

No such thing occurred. The wind never really blew; in fact, it stopped. There was no true rough, the kind you normally have to slash a sand wedge out of or turn yourself in to the medics, and because of the slosh Troon's greens held all kinds of shots, including Weiskopf's gorgeous irons that sometimes whistled and sometimes, as they say, bored a hole in the mist.

What remained was not for Weiskopf to prove he could shoot the remarkable

68-67-71-70—276 that tied Palmer's record, but rather to prove that he could hang in there and not beat himself in a major championship. He had never won one, although he had come close at the Masters twice, 1969 and 1972, and again last month in the U.S. Open at Oakmont, and for six years he had been hearing about the tremendous "potential" he possessed. Making it even tougher was the fact that he was destined to lead all the way and was paired the last two rounds with Johnny Miller, who had won at Oakmont with that wraithlike 63 and certainly seemed to be in a similar mood. Topping it off, Weiskopf did not like Troon and he couldn't figure out what he ought to do about it. So he did what he usually does with his crashing honesty: he told the press he did not like Troon.

"That's O.K.," a friend told him. "Ben Hogan never liked a golf course, either."

"Then what do I do?" asked Tom. "Just go out and kill it, right?" He laughed and went out and killed it.

Weiskopf looked like anything but his old unsteady self in the last round when he simply played along superbly, never in any real trouble, to win by three easy strokes over Miller and England's Neil Coles. He looked instead like the player he has become—enormously confident, cool, self-assured, without the temper he has displayed so often in the past. When he needed a birdie, he got it. When he needed a good shot, he hit it. When he needed a putt, he made it. In fact, using a putter that had once belonged to, of all people, Johnny Miller, he did not three-putt throughout the tournament.

"It was the best I've ever played, even though I still don't like the course and

can't figure it out," Weiskopf said. "Two guys really gave me some confidence. Tony Jacklin called me and said, 'Lad, if you can keep your concentration and play your game, the greatest championship in golf will be yours.' Later I saw Nicklaus, and Jack said, 'Whatever you do, don't play Miller. Play the course.' And that's what I did, concentrate and play the course."

It had been in the third round on Friday that Weiskopf did play Miller—and may have won the championship. They staged a frenzied exhibition with Miller acting as if he was back at Oakmont and Weiskopf looking as if he was trying to shoot 80. It was almost the whole tournament right there.

Weiskopf had begun with a three-stroke lead, but by the 6th hole they were tied, with Miller two under and Weiskopf one over for the day. Then at the 7th they each birdied, and at the 8th they each birdied, and it looked like machine golf with these two tall, sweet-swinging young men ripping out the flagsticks. It was it the 8th that Weiskopf revealed the sort of courage he has. When Miller shot first and put the ball four feet from the cup, Weiskopf put it three feet 11 inches from the cup. And when Miller holed his putt, Weiskopf stepped up and holed his. It was as if Weiskopf had said, "Well, if it's going to get tough, I'd better get tough with it." In any case, it was evidence of his guts.

But more evidence came on the 9th, where he just may have won this British Open with, of all things, a double bo-

*continued*

*Golf's new wave, led by Weiskopf and Johnny Miller, wooed the crowds, but Gene Sarazen won them with one sweet swing.*



guy. Why? Because in the passion of the moment it was a very cool, strategically sound double bogey. The drive Weiskopf hit on the 9th tee looked like one of the BOAC flights rising up out of the dunes from nearby Prestwick and soaring over the course. It sounded like the little train rummaging along the rock wall by the 11th hole. Where it went was nowhere near Troon, however. It went, crazily, 100 yards off-line to the left. When Weiskopf located the ball, it was in a little village called Unplayable. He was in the whins up to his waist, lucky even to have found the ball. Under the rules he could either drop it within two club lengths of the spot or retreat backward as far as he wished for the drop. Since two club lengths would have left him still waist deep, he walked back 125 yards, taking what he later described as one of the longest drops in history. He was now back by the 8th green where he could not see the 9th green some 250 yards away but could hit a one-iron to it. And he lay three. He blistered the one-iron and almost got it there, pitched onto the green and two-putted for perhaps the happiest six of his life. "You don't play golf and fall in love with many sixes, but I love that one," he said.

From there on in, head-to-head, Weiskopf toughened up and played two-under golf, rescuing pars from four bunkers to regain the lead by a stroke. It was Muller who faded, bogeying two of the last four

holes. "In many ways, a round like that gives you the most satisfaction in golf," Weiskopf said. "Johnny was playing great and I was fighting for my life and I held on. I just kept telling myself I could do it."

The next afternoon, having finally rewarded himself with a major title, Weiskopf took pleasure in rewarding the press as well. He sent a case of champagne to the writers' tent and said he would never again be as excited as he was in this hour. "Your first major championship is the hardest," he said. "And for me to win mine here, well, I'm a sentimental guy whether anybody knows it or not, and you just can't imagine what this means." The champagne celebration moved over to the nearby Marine Hotel, where he and Nicklaus wound up singing songs with Scottish fans.

It is almost certain that this British Open will not be Weiskopf's last major title. He is the hottest thing in golf right now, considering that this performance follows three victories on the U.S. tour since early May. He has won four times in his last seven tournaments and finished second and third in two others. That is slightly overwhelming, and what it means is that golf has another new idol, something the sport can use.

Troon has several famous golf holes, such as the 11th, where Palmer practically won the 1962 British Open by playing the narrow, Railway par-5 in four under; the 7th, a par-4 that can be driven from the tee and has the nickname of Tel-el-Kebar, derived from a battle where the British whipped up on a bunch of Turban Beys; and of course the 8th or Postage Stamp, as it has long been called. The 8th is a 126-yard par-3 that can play as long as a driver if the wind is howling straight at you. The green, tiny as can be, hangs on a ledge fastened to a high grassy dune on the left. Deep bunkers guard it on the other sides. Postage Stamp may have earned another name now: Sarazen.

For all else that happened on Wednesday's opening day, nothing quite as sensational or sentimental matched the deed of Gene Sarazen on this notable hole. At the age of 71 and still wearing plus fours, Sarazen had come to Troon where he had tried to qualify for his first British Open exactly 50 years ago. No one thought very much about it, except that Sarazen's presence gave the tournament an aura of nostalgia, the way the oldtimers do at the



The ear-shattering spectacle of departing

Masters. When Sarazen got to the 8th hole, however, and the BBC television cameras were on him because they had nothing better to show at the moment, he did something that won't soon be forgotten. He slapped a five-iron at Postage Stamp. The ball fluttered in the breeze—the only breezy day of the tournament—and lit on the green. It rolled directly into the cup for a hole in one. Fifty years later a hole in one. Indeed.

Sarazen was thereafter greeted with thunderous applause at every green he

Nicklaus marched to an uninspired 78



Jatz and his own play disquieted Trevino.





planes was the special lure of Troon.

reached, and he played on to a 79, not bad for a fellow his age. It was, to put it in some perspective, a stroke better that day than the 80 of one of the tournament favorites, Peter Oosterhuis. For all of his golf, it was Sarazen's second hole in one in competition. Two things then ensued. He got a wire of congratulations from Howard Hughes—from London, not Ibiza—and he quickly presented his five-iron to the R&A for its relic room. But Sarazen was not through. The following day at Postage Stamp he holed out again, not for a one, but for a two. His tee shot had found a front bunker, the same bunker from which Palmer would make a seven, and Sarazen lifted out a sand shot that rolled into the cup for a deuce. Thus Sarazen had played Postage Stamp twice, scored a total of three and had never taken a putt.

A lot of fascinating sidelights come out of every major championship, and Sarazen's was just one. Another of perhaps equal interest was what in blazes happened to Jack Nicklaus, and what has been happening to Jack Nicklaus in major tournaments all year? Nicklaus is supposed to be winning them instead of playing his way out of them before the final round ever gets underway. As the 1973 season got started, Nicklaus appeared to be ready to take a run at the Grand Slam again. He won the Crosby and New Orleans going into Augusta, but a second-round 77 blew him out of the Masters. Then was the Tournament of Champions and Atlanta going into the U.S. Open,

but a third-round 74 on an easy day at Oakmont took him out of that one. Then he came to Troon, still searching for that 14th major title which would thrust him ahead of Bobby Jones as the alltime winner of big ones. He scored well enough the first two days with 69-70, but he did not look as if he was swinging well. He kept flinching low and to the left instead of high and nicely, and he was not putting particularly well. On the third day it all caught up with him as again he shot one of those ugly rounds, a 76, that removed him from the competition. "A disease ran through my whole bag," Jack said.

Trying to analyze Nicklaus this year, the press seized instantly on the possibility that he has become a walking corporation, just as Palmer had, and that business concerns were occupying more of his time than he would care to admit.

"Nonsense," says Pat Piernan, his closest business associate. "He thrives on it. It's part of his relaxation."

In Saturday's final round, a very relaxed Nicklaus produced another of those brilliant scores that come close but not quite close enough to snatch away any silver trophy. The awful, almost give-up 76 in the third round had put him nine strokes behind Weiskopf, with five other players in between. This was too much ground to make up. Essentially the same thing happened to him in last year's British Open at Muirfield, at Augusta this year and also at Oakmont. At Muirfield, struggling to keep the Grand Slam alive, and struggling also for old No. 14, he fired a 66, but he would have needed a 64. At Augusta he closed with a 66 but could not catch Tommy Aaron. He was slightly more tame at Oakmont with a mere 68, but he was hardly a threat with Miller shooting his 63. Now he was at Troon, blazing away with a course-record 65. It was wonderful, but only good enough to move him up to fourth, four strokes back.

When Jack could have used the old magic the most, he did not have it. In other words, when he went to the 16th hole eight under par—a hole he could reach in two and possibly eagle, or at least birdie—he hit a wild wood shot into the weeds and settled for par. He followed that with a bogey at the 17th after a wild iron. His closing birdie at the 18th was only show biz. "It's easy to shoot 65," Jack smiled, "when you know you can't win."

With Nicklaus' failures in major championships this year will undoubtedly come the talk of a new wave taking over the game, a group of beautiful stylists on the order of Weiskopf and Miller and Lanny Wadkins and, for that matter, Ben Crenshaw, when this impressive amateur joins the professionals sometime soon. They all swing the club like the instructional articles tell you to; they hit it out there 80 miles, and now both Miller and Weiskopf have proved they know how to capture the big ones.

It is true that golf went through an era when everybody seemed to gouge the ball as much as swing at it. Call it the Arnold Palmer Era. Nicklaus is more a power golfer than a pretty hitter. And Lee Trevino looks as if he slaps at the ball half the time and shovels it the other half. In other words, these three could never be mistaken as Ben Hogans, Byron Nelsons and Sam Sneads of another age.

Are we entering a classicist's age again, being led into it by Miller and Weiskopf? Time and a few more major championships will tell. Miller is only 26, Weiskopf only 30. With their golf swings, nothing is beyond their grasp. When Weiskopf has to use an iron to lay up in front of a burn 280 yards away, you know that Nicklaus has some company out there.

How badly does the new breed want it? That is the final question, of course. And maybe Tom Weiskopf has the answer. "How bad do I want it?" he pondered, meaning the so-called mantle of greatness that comes to so few. "Well, all I can say is, it's one down and 13 to go."

END



# A CASE OF VOLUNTEER—OR ELSE

*Revelations at Florida State touched off an NCAA probe and exposed a little-known facet of a college football player's life—some seasons start in January. A nationwide survey assaues pros and cons* **by PAT PUTNAM**

Upstairs in the sleek new athletic building at Kansas State is the office of Vince Gibson, the head football coach. It is a luxurious room, commanded by an enormous walnut desk. From one window Gibson can, if he chooses, look out on Memorial Stadium and its AstroTurf carpet. A thick purple rug—the Wildcat colors are purple and white—makes Gibson's floor memorable. There is a large soft sofa and four deep, comfortable chairs, and in one corner is a walnut-grained soft-drink machine. Nearby are three conference rooms, offices for assistant coaches and a well-equipped kitchen. A huge reception room on the first floor is tastefully decorated with paintings and art objects.

On a late winter afternoon in a spartan basement beneath this display of athletic poshness, thin pads hang over the

windowless concrete walls of a large room. There one football player backhands blood from his mouth, another wonders if his nose has been broken, a third throws up. At Kansas State they call it PE-103.

Sanctioned by the athletic code of the NCAA, Physical Education 103 and its equivalents can be found at colleges across the land, some in course catalogs, some as activities for which no credit is given. They are essentially nothing more than conditioning programs designed to get football players into shape for the 20 days of formal spring practice that will follow. As long as certain NCAA requirements are met, the colleges are free to conduct such drills—and even give credit for them. The NCAA stipulates that 1) advance notice of the drills must appear in the prescribed places, 2) they must be open to the male student body, 3) everybody in them must be there on a voluntary basis and 4) they have no direct connection with football at all.

Except for an occasional outsider, the "volunteers" in KSU's PE-103 are all football players. They gather five days a week for six weeks. The sessions used to be an hour, but after the team went 3-8 last year, Gibson instituted a get-tough campaign and some of the daily workouts were extended another 30 minutes. Typically, Monday is weight lifting and running; Tuesday is agility and conditioning drills; Wednesday is running and lifting weights; Thursday is first conditioning and then agility. Friday used to be left for basketball, but now it is more lifting and

running. Everything is timed; how many push-ups, pull-ups, rope-climbs, etc. a player can do in 30 seconds. And the action never stops. Never. Two of the more grueling activities are wrestling and a contest in which two players kneeling on all fours are harnessed to each other back to back. The object is for one to drag the other 20 feet across the floor.

"I had heard from some of the older guys how rough it was," remembers Keith Best, a three-year letterman at Kansas State from 1969 to 1971 and now a reserve linebacker for the Kansas City Chiefs. "I had no idea, though. I'd been through conditioning drills before and I didn't think this could be much worse. It was only an hour. I'll never forget it. I ate a big lunch that first day: a salad with lots of Thousand Island dressing, and I drank lots of chocolate milk. Ten minutes into the first drill I lost it all."

"The worst part was if you were in the second section," says Bill Kennedy, a defensive end under Gibson in 1967-68. "There were wastepaper cans in the room and by then they were almost full."

"Actually, some of the activities are pretty brutal, but that's the way football is. There's nothing in there that doesn't happen on a football field. It's like Marine boot camp, only you can quit football, but in the Marines you're stuck."

In the coaching fraternity, Kansas State's program is known as being rugged, but it is hardly unique and certainly not under wraps. KSU has prepared a 20-minute film to show its drills to other coaches. No matter what they are called or what specific form they take, tough pre-spring-practice conditioning workouts are expected of players at almost every university in every major conference except the Ivy League, which permits no spring practice and therefore needs no pre-spring practice.

At Florida State they call it PE-117. Among the attractions of this course is a room in which a false ceiling of chicken







DRAWINGS BY ALLAN MADISON

wire is suspended four or five feet above wrestling mats. There the players wrestle. Each loser gets to wrestle some more. Recently a group of players charged that combat under chicken wire was not their idea of a way to earn an hour's credit, and half a dozen or so of them announced that they were quitting FSU. PE-117, they said, was dehumanizing and, besides, the only reason they volunteered for it was because they were ordered to do so. A few claimed that they had been left too exhausted from the conditioning drills to study, and as a result had flunked out of school. After the allegations were published in the *St. Petersburg Times*, the university requested an NCAA investigation, which is still going on.

"What is dehumanizing?" asks FSU's Larry Jones. "Chicken wire? We were just trying to teach them to keep their heads down. In football, you have to. It certainly didn't hurt anyone. In fact, if we had allowed them to stand up while wrestling they would have been bumping heads, and that's when they could have injured themselves. And I don't see how an hour of exercise a day could cause a

boy to flunk out of school. Most of them would have flunked out even if they had never gone near the gym."

As long as three years ago, Walter Byers, the executive director of the NCAA, told an interviewer he was concerned over abuses in pre-spring conditioning programs. It has even been suggested that continued abuses could endanger the entire concept of spring practice. But so far only one school—California—has been flagged for this kind of violation.

The NCAA recognized the existence of the problem eight years ago by issuing a set of regulations governing off-season football activities. The intent of the rules was to keep football clearly out of conditioning classes—no footballs allowed, no pads, no cleats, no coaching and, especially, no forced participation by football players. This last is the soft spot. All but a handful of big-time coaches let their players know that they expect them to sign up. "They tell us it's voluntary," says a senior at Tennessee, "but you have to learn to please your boss, and in this case it's the football

*continued*



coach. So almost all of us take part."

Prior to 1965 the activity was less clearly defined. Tommy Pannell, now an assistant coach at Central Oklahoma State, and a quarterback and halfback under Bud Wilkinson and Gomer Jones at Oklahoma from 1963 to 1965, recalls, "Every system I've ever known had some sort of pre-spring drills. At Oklahoma we met for 1½ hours a day five days a week and enrollment was required. It was demanding physically, but nothing to get excited about. It is true that coaches who have tough pre-spring programs today are trying to run off some players they don't want, and there aren't many legal ways you can do that."

Now a tight end with the New England Patriots, Bob Windsor played under Charlie Bradshaw at Kentucky in the mid-'60s. He would like to forget all about it. "They told the players that they had better be there," Windsor says, "although it wasn't mandatory. But we wanted to play and we knew we had to be there. One of the drills made absolutely no sense. We'd line up in single file and run into a cinder-block wall that had a light pad on it. We were supposed to hit it with a forearm shiver, then bounce off the other three walls. Then we had one-on-one wrestling. I stepped in and the guy punched me in the mouth."

"If it was just conditioning, that would be one thing. But there was a lot that wasn't necessary. Like punching each other. Guys had broken bones, bruises, pulled muscles. It was jungle warfare training. I've never experienced anything like it in pro ball. There they treat you like human beings. Not in college. I wouldn't go through that again."

Most coaches today shun such combat drills as tools from the Dark Ages. Some would like to do away with all pre-spring programs, but fear that if they did they would be giving an edge to a rival. "It's like artificial turf," says Fred Pancoast, the head coach at Memphis State, sounding a recurring theme. "You've got to do what your neighbor does. Conditioning has a value in football, but it has to be limited and controlled."

A proponent of the hard-labor theory of football is Billy Kinard, a former defensive back and now head coach at the University of Mississippi. Kinard played football with abandon. He expects no less from his players. "The worst thing that can happen to an athlete is for him to be inactive," Kinard says. "He gets out of

shape and his muscles go soft. We have pre-spring conditioning here, but we don't wrestle. We tried that when I was an assistant at Auburn but a kid had his jaw crushed and we had to stop."

Around the country, the way pre-spring-practice drills are handled varies—but within relatively narrow limits. At Minnesota members of the football squad not engaged in a winter sport are expected to take part in drills that start at a frequency of three or four a week and work up to five a week as spring practice nears. At Arizona State weight training is stressed more than anything—and football players had better be there. Nebraska's version includes a drill in which two players fight for possession of a stick (the contests can become quite rough), and enrollment is expected although, as one former player puts it, "If somebody doesn't enroll, they don't come over and drag you there." Down in Austin, Texas Coach Darrell Royal explains the option play as it applies to the drills: "We've always thought these things should be optional—but you encourage them to get in shape. Our drills are not mandatory but we know who's there and who's not and we know who's in shape and who isn't."

Players at both Georgia and Georgia Tech may receive an hour's credit in physical education for a pre-spring course, which consists mainly of weight lifting and running. Enrollment is not mandatory, but all players understand that if they don't go they will be looked upon as problem cases.

"Coaches strongly advise taking the pre-spring course," says Georgia Center Chris Hammond. "If you want to play, you do it." For the player who does not show up for a conditioning class at Georgia, punishment can take the form of extra work. "If you didn't go you'd be in a lot of trouble," remembers Brad Johnson, a senior fullback in 1968. "I don't think there was any question but that it was mandatory. Somebody always took roll. If you missed, you had to go out on the down patrol at 5:30 a.m. They'd run us up and down the steps of the Coliseum."

At North Carolina and North Carolina State pre-spring drills aim at conditioning rather than combat, but there is no mistaking that attendance is virtually mandatory. At State, for instance, the program is advertised in the student newspaper as the North Carolina State

Physical Education Club, which holds meetings five times a week for four weeks from four to 5:30 p.m. Missed sessions are made up on Saturday.

"The coaches stress the fact that you have to get in there to do well in the spring practice," says Defensive Back Mike Stultz. "They don't tell you that you have to go, but if you want to play you know you have to." And Tackle Allen Sitterle says he would have volunteered anyway, a fairly common reaction on the part of many players. "The pre-spring drills aren't all that punishing. And every drill helps you. I think the end justifies the means."

North Carolina players this year were allowed to choose either of two 45-minute sessions that met every other day for a total of five workouts and were required to take part in a weight-lifting program on all other days. Absence was inexcusable. Two players were late getting back to school after the 1971 Gator Bowl and missed a few pre-spring drills. As punishment they had to attend all of the remaining drills, both sessions each day.

"The activity is so concentrated in those 45 minutes," says Linebacker Tom Jones, "it's hard to believe that a player could endure an extra 15 minutes, let alone another session."

"If you vomit," says lineman Ken





Huff, "the coaches tell you to vomit on your own time, not theirs, and to keep on running. The idea is to get a little projection in your vomiting so you don't get it all over yourself."

At Wake Forest, another Atlantic Coast Conference school, the "voluntary" pre-spring program is a course listed in the catalog. It meets for approximately 45 minutes a day four times a week. It covers running, exercising, man-on-man isometrics, wrestling and weight lifting. Players here wrestle for 30 seconds and then are done, win or lose.

"We're not going to penalize a kid for not being good," says Head Coach Chuck Mills, who is concerned about player abuse in practice sessions. "I don't want my dignity attacked, so why should I do that to players? When my kids leave I want them to say they wouldn't mind doing the same thing again."

The list of pre-spring violations might be endless, and yet where is the real violation? NCAA rules permit pads, and thus hitting, from the opening day of spring practice. As a consequence, many coaches feel forced to move beyond the line of legality in order to avoid injuries to their players, hence the conditioning programs. Many players resent the imposition on what should be free time, and

dread the additional physical demands, especially the aspects designed to test and promote personal aggressiveness. But the same ones often see some benefit in it for themselves.

"It's a drag and a lot of guys talk against it," says Jack Carter, a 235-pound defensive lineman at the University of the Pacific. "But most of us agree it's good for us. It's like a payroll savings plan: you wouldn't do it unless you were forced. If we had the choice, we'd probably pick a recreation like lying on the grass under a tree."

Frank Navarro, the head coach at Columbia and a member of the American Football Coaches Association's ethics committee, views the problem with some detachment, since Columbia has neither spring practice nor conditioning programs. "The problem isn't pre-spring drills, but spring practice itself," he says. "Once somebody starts conditioning players to get ready for spring practice, everybody has to do it to keep up. And the season is already too long now."

Joe Paterno of Penn State is one coach of a major football power who does not attach much importance to winter programs. Penn State has a pre-spring session, and Paterno says he encourages freshmen to attend because he thinks it helps prepare them for the rigors of their first spring practice. But very few upperclassmen attend, and there is no penalty for failing to do so.

"With the 11-game season we now play and the fact that we usually go to a bowl, plus the 20 days of spring practice, the season is long enough," Paterno says. "There is no good reason to have a winter program any more. I don't think college football players should have to prove themselves all year round."

A somewhat different view is held by Coach John McKay of Southern California. He feels that he has a moral responsibility to see that the young players under his charge are physically ready for the demands of spring training. He says he would be negligent if there was not some type of organized conditioning to get them ready. USC players are "invited" to enroll in a January-to-June physical education class—including weight lifting, running and agility—open to all students. Players out for spring sports, about 25% of the football team, normally do not take the class.

"If you don't have this type of winter program," McKay says, "and you leave

it up to the players, they will show up on the first day of spring practice in terrible shape. It would be a bad health practice on my part to allow players to begin with pads on the first day of spring practice without proper conditioning."

At Georgia Tech both Head Coach Bill Fulcher and Athletic Director Bobby Dodd strongly advocate abolishing spring practice altogether. They would like simply to bring the players back to school a little earlier in the fall.

"You really don't get any continuity from spring practice," Fulcher says. "By the time you have it and get it over with and then send the guys home for the summer, they've lost whatever conditioning advantages they had gained."

Georgia Head Coach Vince Dooley and his athletic director, Joel Eaves, see a value in spring practice, but they would like to have it modified.

"I'm probably classified as a nut," says Eaves, "but I think this: Pre-spring conditioning is necessary to get an athlete in shape for spring practice, so we should combine the two activities. Vince and I think that 10 days of pads in the spring would be enough, if you were given, say, three weeks to get everybody in shape. In those three weeks let your coaches teach your players fundamentals without pads. If everybody would do this, and we were forbidden to go out and scrimmage in that period, it would work."

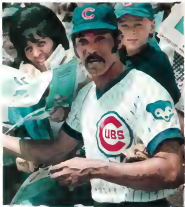
"The problem now," Eaves concludes, "is that everybody has to keep up with the other guy. Let's put it on the table. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing anyway."

END



## BEND AN EAR TO BILLY'S MUSIC

*Percussionist enough to be baseball's betting champ, Billy Williams is banging away at the Cubs' fondest dream—a World Series*     **by BARRY McDERMOTT**



**A**s The Hitter settles into his stance in the batting cage, both the Chicago Cubs and the players in the opposition dugout concentrate on his coiled figure with the intensity men reserve for strange noises in the night. The Hitter holds the bat straight up, his arms out away from his lean body, the forearm tendons taut with expectation. As he swings, his right foot mances forward, the bat blurs, there is a sharp, crackling sound, and the ball shoots out into the field as surely as if it had been thrown there. The line drives rattle from the cage like hailstones stinging a car roof, the batting-practice pitcher crouching behind his protective netting. Billy Williams is playing his song, the hot sun his spotlight, perspiration his makeup, the batting cage his stage. The bat and ball are his tympani, and the music is sweet, as rich and pure as any in baseball.

"Billy Williams can hit," says Cub Coach Ernie Banks in his lilting manner, his voice rising for emphasis at the end of the sentence, the words dramatizing the tableau and giving it an aura of church and preacher. "Yes. Yes. Billy Williams can hit. Yes. That's right. He's going to lead us to *The Promised Land*. And you know why? You know why, don't you? Because he can hit the good pitches. Yeah. For home runs. All of us can hit the *bad* pitches. The mistakes. But Bill Williams can hit the *good* pitches. For home runs. Yeah. Billy Williams is going to lead us to *The Promised Land*." You almost expect the surrounding ball-players to break into murmurs of Amen. Yeah. Amen.

For 12½ seasons Billy Williams' left-handed swing has reminded National League pitchers of the fallibility of their out-pitches. In his last three years he has hit .322, .301 and .333, winning the major league batting title last season, a year in which he knocked in 122 runs and hit 37 homers. Someday in the future he may surpass 3,000 hits, which only 11 other players have managed. But as for *The Promised Land*, it has remained way over yonder.

Chicago has not won a pennant since 1945. The Cubs came closest with Billy in left field in 1969, when they led for most of the season only to collapse before the onrush of the New York Mets.

That was the year Manager Leo Durocher took off in the middle of the pennant race and visited the son of his new bride for a weekend at Camp Oylway in Wisconsin. From Sept. 4 to 23 the Cubs went from five games ahead to six behind, with the worst record in the majors. It is a stain on their hands that they want to cleanse, but no matter how hard they rub, like Lady Macbeths in spiked shoes, the traces linger. "That year," says Williams, "we played three-quarters of a season and forgot about the other quarter. The year 1969 is something you'd like to forget. I know I don't hear anybody talking about it around the clubhouse."

Now the Cubs are out in front again, this time with a new manager, Whitey Lockman, and a new style. Lockman is a leader who gives his regulars a rest now and then—Durocher's attitude was play, play, play—and Lockman has assembled a strong bench in men like Gene Hise, Carmen Fanzone, Paul Popovich, Ken Rudolph and Adrian Garrett. The rested regulars are responding, and the Cubs have displayed late-inning punch, the mark of pennant winners. During one seven-game stretch in late June they scored the winning run in five games after the sixth inning.

Rightfielder Jose Cardenal, traded away by five other major league teams, is having a phenomenal year. The Wrigley Field organist plays chords from *Jesu Christ Superstar* whenever Jose loopes to the plate, and it is apt if irreverent music, for Cardenal leads the Cubs in game-winning hits. Third Baseman Ron Santo, happy to be out from under Durocher's yoke, is having one of his best seasons, and Centerfielder Rick Monday already has hit more home runs than he ever did before in a full major league season.

But those are things that bring teams only to the border of *The Promised Land*. The crossing is strewn with obstacles. Last week the Cubs were on a road trip that pitted them against two of the stronger teams in the Western Division. In San Francisco, and then Los Angeles, the phlegmatic Williams found himself searching for the elusive catalyst that triggers his surges of batting excellence.

There were moments that suggested he had found the answer to the mystery that had deprived him of an RBI on 21 days. Against the Giants he stroked two base hits Tuesday night, the second a line drive

that caromed off the right-field fence with such force that he was held at first base with a 375-foot single. The next day came a home run that broke the RBI drought, but he went hitless Friday night in the opener of the Dodger series. "It seems like I'm swinging the bat the same," he said, "but I'm not hitting the ball good. From day to day I can't find the groove. One day I feel good, the next I don't."

By Sunday night the siege was over. A split against the Giants and three straight losses to the Dodgers, but three more RBIs for Williams, whose average was steady at near .290. One more week had ended with the Cubs in first.

Many more weeks may end the same, but it all depends on how Williams hits. Don't mention this, however, because Williams is Chicago's secret. "Billy is the best left-handed hitter I ever saw," says Willie Stargell of the Pirates, no mean lefty himself, "but for all you hear about him you'd think he was playing in the dark. Can he hit the ball hard? I remember one time I was playing first base and he stung one through my legs before I could even move my glove. Bam. It was gone. I always keep my eyes open when Billy is batting. He could hurt you, know what I mean?"

His reputation as the quiet man of baseball is nettlesome to Williams, but he does not know what to do about it. Except with the hat, he is quiet. He is soft-spoken, brief and to the point with interviewers. Anecdotes dry up in his mouth. He does not gloat, and humble pie does not make a tasty journalistic dish. Early in Williams' career the publicity-makers learned to search elsewhere at Wrigley Field for superlatives. Ernie Banks and Ron Santo were as exuberant as Williams was not. The ink flowed to them. And later there were picture-story stones about Joe Peppone and Durocher. "It's kind of funny," says Bob Locker, a veteran pitcher. "Here's a guy who does it the way it's supposed to be done, day in and day out, according to the book. And people don't notice him because he's not flashy—only good. It makes you wonder."

Williams is a book that never gets read because people put him back on the shelf after a couple of pages. "If I want to tell you something, I don't go through all the bull," says Billy. "I just tell you straight. That's how I was brought up. When you first come to the big leagues, the way you

*Williams is a precious signer of autographs. If asked, he's a left-handed terror at bat.*

continued

carry yourself then, this is what you are going to live with the rest of your career because the writers brand you."

Says Dave Cash of Pittsburgh: "When I got to the Pirates I found out there were guys who weren't half as good as I had heard they were. But when I saw Billy Williams I said, 'This man is a ballplayer, and nobody writes about him.' He's been playing 13 years and people are just now starting to recognize his talents. He can do as much with that bat as anybody. When you see Billy Williams you are looking at a .300 average, 100 RBIs and 20 to 30 home runs a season."

On a humid evening in St. Louis this year the Cubs lost a doleful game to the Cardinals. Williams, always a streak-hitter, was on a cold one. Nevertheless, after the game one florid fat man wearing a blue batting helmet shoved up against Williams. The man began yelling, "Billy Williams is the greatest ballplayer of all time. Billy Williams is the . . ." A crowd was attracted, and Williams patiently autographed programs, pieces of paper, baseballs, caps and other clothing all the way back to the team's hotel, two blocks away. The fat man leading the entourage as if he were the town crier announcing the arrival of a great and famous personage.

One Sunday long ago, a hot and humid Alabama Sabbath, two skinny kids, their dark arms covered with a light yellow film of ball field dust, were watching the play of the semipro Mobile Black Bears. The youngsters had ridden their bicycles from nearby Whistler, Ala. to watch this game, and perhaps to capture a stray foul ball or two.

"Who's that guy?" Billy Williams asked his friend as the Black Bears' second baseman legged out a hit.

"Think his name's Henry Aaron," was the reply.

Billy Williams was the youngest of four boys and a girl born to Jesse Mary and Frank Williams in Whistler, a town with a plywood factory and a ribbon of railroad. Frank made his living for 30 years on the docks of Mobile, unloading banana boats through the night for handfuls of silver dollars, and he also was a respectable baseball player. He claims to have hit against Satchel Paige, to have reached base against him. "Satch" about 72 or 73 because I'm 71," says Frank Williams. "He's an old man like myself. I told my boys that I could hit

any of them. Of course I didn't go for the home run. The only thing I tried to teach Billy was to make him into a switch hitter, but he wouldn't take on it. He told me, 'I got to bat my way, Daddy.' All my boys played baseball. They could have been like the Alou brothers, but they wanted to marry. You can't hold them back if they want to marry."

Some days Frank Williams goes over to the next town to visit with Aaron's father. Mostly they talk baseball and about Henry's chances at Ruth's record and Billy's hopes of getting into the World Series. If the Cubs make it Mr. Williams is going to get on a bus, since he refuses to fly, and go see his boy play in the Series.

Billy Williams still has a scar over the left side of his upper lip from the time he stepped into the path of a bat swung by a brother. The Williams boys would take a broomstick and a bucket of hotte caps from the store and play all day long. The caps could be thrown so they would sail up or down, in or out. By compulsion, hitting a curveball was easy.

The area around Mobile was rich with ballplayers. Besides Williams and Aaron, Henry's brother Tommie, Willie McCovey, Cleon Jones, Tommie Agee and Amos Otis all came from that part of the country. "Mobile's got guys who can hit," says Williams with pride. "From just around there we've got over 1,500 home runs in the majors."

During high school Billy organized a sandlot team he named the Whistler Cubs. His high school, Mobile County Training School, did not have a baseball team, so Billy played on the school fast-pitch softball team. During the summer he played with the Whistler Cubs or with the Mobile Black Bears. "He always looked like a ballplayer," recalls Frank Williams.

It was in high school that Billy met his wife Shirley. "A lot of my friends used to not know how to read Billy," she says. "They thought he was mean because he never talked. But he was just shy, quiet. That was his way. He really hasn't changed much. A lot of nights he'll come home and sit around and watch television and not say a word. But we understand that's how he is."

Billy played a season of football his senior year in high school and was good enough to be offered a scholarship to Grambling College. He turned it down.

He weighed only 155 pounds and realized his future was in baseball. Two days after he finished high school he was on his way to Ponca City, Okla., a Class D team, signed to a contract by a scout named Ivy Griffin who died in an auto crash and never saw Billy play in the majors. "My brother had played in the Pittsburgh organization," says Billy, "and he warned me to make sure I signed for a good bonus. Well, when Griffin came to talk I was so thrilled that I couldn't wait to sign. My father got a cigar and I got a bus ticket to Ponca City." It was 1956.

That first season was a lonely one for Williams. He was on the team only because Lou Johnson, who later would play for the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series, had lost an ear in an automobile accident. Billy showed up with his own bat, a splintered Jackie Robinson model that had been mended with black tape, and an old three-fingered glove. He made about \$175 a month and was not even included on the Ponca City traveling squad.

By 1959 Williams had moved up to the Cubs' San Antonio team. Once, home-sick, he jumped the club, although he was leading the league in hitting at the time, and went back to Whistler to see Shirley. But he returned to San Antonio and hit .318. There is a story that Rogers Hornsby, then a hitting instructor for the Cubs, saw Williams during a tour of the farm teams SUGGEST YOU BRING UP WILLIAMS. REST BITTER ON TEAM, Hornsby wired Chicago. Chicago phoned back. "He's better than anyone else down there, huh?" "He's better than anyone up there," Hornsby is said to have replied.

Williams was called up to the Cubs at the end of both the 1959 and 1960 seasons and made the team for good in 1961, when he played regularly in left field, hit .278, had 25 home runs and was Rookie of the Year. He had a slow start that first season, and by June was in danger of being sent back to the minors, but those were the days of the Cubs' revolving manager system, and the newest entry, Elvin Tappe, decided to stick with the youngster. On June 15, his 23rd birthday, Williams hit a grand-slam home run and was in the lineup to stay. From Sept. 22 of that year he appeared in 1,117 consecutive games, a National League record. No. 1,118 would have been Sept. 3, 1970; Williams asked Durocher for the day off.

*continued*

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In left field Williams at first resembled a pedestrian eluding a taxi. He made 10 errors his rookie year, which embarrassed him. The following spring he had the Cubs hit fungoes to him by the hour. He became a good fielder and he knows the habits of opposing hitters as well as any man.

His best day at the plate came in a Wrigley Field doubleheader with Houston last July 11. Doubleheaders have been bountiful for Billy. In one he hit five homers. In another he went seven for eight. On this day he did better. In the first game he hit two singles, a home run and a sacrifice fly in four trips to the plate. In the second game he assaulted starter Don Wilson with a double, single and home run, got to Reliever Jim York for a single and came to bat in the last of the eighth inning with Houston Pitcher Joe Gibbon and the rest of the bull park aware that another hit would give him a perfect day, eight for eight. He singled to right.

"When I'm in the on-deck circle," says Billy, "I'm aware of the game and the people around me. But when I step up to bat there's nothing on my mind but hitting. I see only the pitcher. I might step out and look away, but I really don't see anything. I know some hitters have said they can pick up the rotation of the ball and tell whether it's a curve or a fastball. I can't. With me it's all instinct."

Williams well remembers his most severe test as a hitter. The Cubs were playing the Cincinnati Reds, and Jim O'Toole, a pitcher who lettered T-H-I-N-K on his glove as a reminder, was on the mound. O'Toole had two strikes on Williams, and the next pitch was a fastball that hit him on the back right side of the head, much of the blow absorbed by the batting insert under his cap. Williams believes it is the only time a ballplayer may have tried to hurt him. "I could have gone two ways then," he says. "I could have been more determined or I could have been a little shy at the plate. I chose to be more determined. I had gotten my share of hits off O'Toole—and after that I got more off of him because I had to show the rest of the pitchers that I wasn't afraid."

Williams is not bitter that Dick Allen was able to arrive in Chicago a year ago and excite the town in a way he never could—although when he sees Allen on television he tends to examine his performances as through a jeweler's loupe.

Recently Williams was at home viewing a White Sox game when Allen gave chase to a foul ball that dropped just out of his reach down the right-field line. The TV announcer was ecstatic over Allen's "fantastic effort" and "all-out hustle." You would have thought Allen had made his sprint across a field of razor blades. "What's he supposed to do," asked Williams, "just let the ball go?"

What bothers him more than Allen's charisma is that he lost out to Cincinnati's Johnny Bench in the balloting for Most Valuable Player last year, although he missed winning the triple crown by only three home runs and three runs batted in. He still does not know how he finished in the voting. He read the story announcing the award while visiting Hawaii during the off-season, and was so upset that he never finished it. "I understand that one guy in Montreal did not even put me in the top 10," he says, shaking his head. "They say the team didn't do good enough. Well, I'm not in it in 1958 and 1959. Maybe they had a different way of voting then. You say to yourself, 'Try and forget about it.' But it always seems to keep popping up. It makes you think about what Leo said about nice guys. It seems to me that you get more things done when you complain a little bit."

After a dozen seasons in the majors Williams made his first TV commercial this summer. During a trip to New York for a series with the Mets he found himself outside a Manhattan warehouse. Despite the heat and humidity he was wearing a suit and tie, his everyday uniform. The name "Mother's Studio" was written on a wall, along with instructions to ring three times for the elevator. Williams was there with Frank Scott, who represents athletes and had set up the deal. Tom Keating, a limeman with the Oakland Raiders, and Dick Barrett of the New York Knicks. Even Scott was surprised when he learned that Williams had received only \$333 from a bat company for winning the hitting title. "This guy should have had commercials before, as great as he is," said Scott. "There's been like three stages with black athletes and commercials. One, they didn't use them at all. Then they had tokenism. Now it's a little better. Take Aaron. How many commercials do you see him in? If he was a white face, he'd be all over town."

At the studio Williams was startled to

hear that one of the child actors appearing with him, a chubby 9-year-old boy who wore glasses and had the type of face mothers love and bullies hate, made \$35,000 last year. The TV taping went smoothly. In Billy's segment he appeared with the child and a mammoth golden retriever. All Billy had to do was smile.

Shirley and Billy Williams, their four daughters, two dogs and a parrot live in a red brick, four-bedroom home in Chicago's South Shore community. Their neighbors are upper-class blacks, a banker and a doctor, but the Williams plan to move soon to a roomier place on the northwestern edge of town.

When Billy gets home from the ball park the neighborhood children spot his two-year-old Buick with the license plate "BW 26" and are waiting with material to be autographed by the time he climbs from the car. Sometimes he brings them baseballs and occasionally he joins them in street games, but usually he stays inside his house and watches television and talks to the friends who stop by or call on the telephone. He eats a late dinner and is in bed by 11 p.m.

"He's a well-disciplined man," says Ernie Banks. "Billy Williams' life's a system. He gets up at the same time. He eats at the same time, leaves for the park at the same time, gets home at the same time. Nothing distracts him from his system." It is a process so thorough that Williams always tries to sit in the same airplane seat, 16-D, during Cub charter flights.

In Williams' home are many baseball mementos. There are also two portraits of Dr. Martin Luther King, one done by Curt Flood, the other by a penitentiary inmate. It is at home with his wife and daughters that he is most comfortable. "I admire him for being able to have a private life," says Banks. "That is almost unheard of in our business. He realizes that by not being out in the public eye his family can come first, then baseball."

At 35 Billy is well into athletic middle age and resigned to the fact that his talents are largely obscure to the public and likely to remain so. Once he spent several hours at the Hall of Fame searching for the scorecard of his 1,000th consecutive game which he had sent to Cooperstown. He finally inquired, and a curator told him it had been lost. Too much of Billy Williams has been lost. With luck, in October, a little of the man might be found.

END

**W**hen asked, Don Maynard will tell you he has won every fight he has ever been in "by one or two city blocks." This is one of the secrets of achieving long life and happiness and setting records in the National Football League, he cowardly, like a fox. Maynard, who this week reports to training camp to start his 14th year as a wide receiver with the New York Titans-Jets (after one season as a New York Giant and one in the Canadian Football League), is 36 years old. His mustache and long sideburns are tinted with gray. At 6'1" and 173 pounds his weight-to-height ratio makes him even more sprindly than wide receivers called The Flea or BamB.

Yet Maynard has survived 180 games of being pounded by professional football's most ravenous defensive backs, and has caught more passes, 632, for more distance, over 6½ miles, than any receiver in NFL history. Maynard has achieved this level of skill and longevity by being stubbornly gentle in a sport known for its zealous brutality. Weekend after weekend, while so many of the more violent men around him become victims of the NFL's high attrition rate, gentle Don flows on and on.

"Maynard is one of those lean and hungry Texans who can run forever," says Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank. "Normally you'd think a guy his age would be all done, but he keeps himself in shape, no one knows his own body quite as well as Don. He still has fine hands and excellent speed. As a pass catcher he's lost none of his skills." Then Ewbank concludes his assessment with another hint of why Maynard may still be around when the season opens. "The only time we get on Don is when he seems reluctant to block on a running play," he says.



## OH, HOW GENTLY FLOWS THIS DON

by GWILYM S. BROWN

**With a minimum of fanfare, Don Maynard of the Jets has combined wits, speed and a distaste for unsponsored brawling to become his game's alltime top receiver**

"We don't expect that he'll be able to bruise anyone, but we do want him to at least molest people."

Suspicions that Old Man Maynard might be slowing down were laid to rest for yet another season when last December, against the varied defenses of the Oakland Raiders, Maynard caught seven Joe Namath passes and broke Raymond Berry's career record of 631 receptions. Maynard even surprised himself and Ewbank that day by throwing a shoulder block into Raider Safety Jack Tatum that sprang Tight End Rich Carter loose on a 49-yard touchdown play.

Appropriately for Maynard, who supervisory favors the number 13, the record came in the 13th game of his 13th season with the Jets. A look at the details is worthwhile. With the Jet running attack crippled by injuries, the Raider

defense that Monday evening just sat back and dared Namath to pass. He took the dare 46 times, completing 25 for 403 yards, though in a 24-16 losing cause. Maynard made his first catch of the night early in the game, beating Cornerback Nemiah Wilson to the outside and then reaching high over his head on the sideline at the Oakland 37 on a play good for 21 yards. Berry's record was tied early in the fourth quarter on another down and out pattern when Maynard made a leaping, spinning catch of a ball thrown behind him at the Oakland 21. The record breaker came a few minutes later at the Jet 43 on the kind of pattern that Maynard's wife Marilyn hates to see him run: straight across the middle where all the hitters are.

"I thought that this might be it when I left the huddle," Maynard recalls, "and when I made my cut and looked up, the ball was already coming at me like a bullet. I made a pocket over my stomach

with my arms and hands and hung on to that ball as tight as I could. I hadn't thought about the record too much that night because we were trying real hard to win a football game, but as I lay on the ground with the ball it sort of jumped into my head about how many things had had to go right all down the line, through the years, to make that one catch possible."

Maynard's professional career began in 1958 with the New York Giants of the NFL. He attended five high schools in West Texas and New Mexico, chiefly because his father was a cotton-gin manager and frequently on the move, and finally settled down at Texas Western College in El Paso. There he was an outstanding hurdler on the track team, and in football a running back and a safety. The Giants drafted him as a future in the ninth round while he was still a junior.

At Yankee Stadium he came to be looked upon as a stubborn nonconformist who fumbled, a reputation that hardly presaged greatness as a pass-catcher. From the start he showed signs of what conventional people might have considered to be behavioral peculiarities. "Don's always been a bit ahead of his time," says Larry Grantham, the Jet line-backer who retired a few weeks ago. Years before they became stylish coast-to-coast, Maynard wore long sideburns, cowboy boots and Levi's. He printed 13 on his boots and demanded the same number for his football jersey. The Giants obliged.

"Supposing they hadn't given it to you?" Maynard was asked at the time.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't have played for the Giants," he replied.

No. 13 served out his rookie year returning kickoffs and punts and filling in as a substitute for such star running backs as Alex Webster, now the Giant head coach, and Frank Gifford. The season might have been considered a modest success for Maynard had he not fumbled a punt in a crucial game at Yankee Stadium against the Cleveland Browns. The Giants won that game anyway 10-0 and went on to play for the NFL championship, but Giant fans, never gracious at best, took to razzing Maynard. "Bad hands," was the verdict.

The country boy from Texas never did fit in with the closely knit, cosmopolitan Giant organization. During the exhibition season the next fall, Maynard delivered a sharp retort to Albie Sherman, who was coaching the offense, after Sherman suggested he cut down on his long, loping stride. "This isn't a track meet," Sherman said.

"I can cover more ground with one stride than anybody else here can with three," Maynard snapped. He was cut from the Giants a few days later.

Though depressed at being axed so abruptly, Maynard had never felt comfortable as an NFL running back. "It was fine in college," he says, "but when you weigh only 173 pounds, to be a running back is kind of a joke in the pros."

Apparently, inside Maynard's thin frame there has always been a fat man, or at least a sturdy one, struggling to get out. A line coach at Texas Western once mentioned to him that if he just had his tonsils removed he would gain 15 to 20 pounds. Right away Maynard wanted them out.

"There wasn't anything wrong with my tonsils, but I was thinking, dad gum, that I'd be some rompin', stompin' kind of football player if I weighed 190," says Maynard, smiling at the recollection. "They gave me a local and snipped the things out. Then I started to hemorrhage, swallowed blood by the quart, and they had to put in five stitches to fix me up. Of course, I never gained a pound."

Being on the skinny side is slightly less of a handicap for the player who flanks out wide and whose only duties involve catching passes. And so it was as a flanker that Maynard joined the New York Titans in 1960 after he had played with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in the Canadian Football League for one desultory season.

The Titans of 1960 were a new team in a new league, the AFL. Their owner was Harry Wismer, the frantic-voiced sportscaster. Their first coach was Sammy Baugh, who had been coaching at Hardin-Simmons University in Texas since retiring with all his passing records from the Washington Redskins. Maynard was the first player the Titans signed.

"Sammy and I were like old friends," Maynard recalls. "I'd played against his teams in college and played for him in the Blue-Gray game. I'd never caught many passes at Texas Western because we didn't throw more than about nine times a game, but my gain per catch was pretty high, 27.6 yards, and so Sam said if I came to the Titans he'd make me his No. 1 receiver."

Maynard and Baugh may have been soul mates as well. Even as a Redskin in the 1930s, Baugh dressed like a cowboy. Grantham recalls meeting Maynard for the first time when the Titans reported to their preseason camp at the University of New Hampshire in Durham.

"Don was the first guy I saw," says Grantham, another of the original Titans who has become one of Maynard's closest friends and most fervent admirers. "He had those long sideburns and he was sitting on one of those old New England stone walls wearing cowboy boots, Levi's, a big Western hat and a belt with a huge brass buckle. The belt had number 13 on each side where it rode the hip and the word 'shine' across the back of it. The whole thing was unreal. I mean, where was the rodeo?"

Maynard is as innovative a dresser on the field as off it. He seeks a streamlined freedom of movement. The result offers little more protection than one would find on a racing greyhound. The ear flaps of his helmet are specially molded to fit snugly over his wide cheekbones, and so he needs no chin strap. His shoulder pads have been carved down to an almost transparent shell of plastic and foam rubber. The front of the pads extends far enough over his rib cage to allow him to dispense with rib pads. Maynard would as soon wear chains as the heavy, long-sleeved jerseys worn by most of his Jet teammates. His are made of a lightweight mesh and usually have short sleeves. Most players use leather belts, but Maynard's is made of a stretchy elastic. He wears cutdown, kangaroo-skin soccer shoes with about 20 cleats (the conventional football shoe has seven) because he has decided they are easier on his legs and provide greater traction. When sleekly decked out for action, Maynard somewhat optimistically estimates that

*Continued*

he carries five pounds less uniform than any other wide receiver in the NFL.

From the very beginning, Maynard put on a good show. Aside from his speed, he possessed a deceptive change of pace, and while he tended in his early years to be a bit loose running patterns, he has long since learned to cut them with disciplined assurance. He grabbed passes deep or he curled back and caught them short. It was virtually impossible to blanket him one-on-one. In his first AFL season he caught 72 passes, most of them from Quarterback Al Dorris. In subsequent years he shared receptions with such line wide receivers as Art Powell, Bake Turner and George Sauer, but still kept up an average of more than 50 catches a year. He tied for the AFL lead with 14 touchdown catches in 1965 and two years later he led in total yardage with 1,434. Maynard broke Berry's career record for total distance in December 1968 and has been lengthening the record ever since. He is now up to 11,816 yards.

While establishing this solid public reputation as a pass catcher, Maynard is also privately recognized as an all-time thrift champion. "He used to write down everything he spent in a little notebook," recalls Bill Mathis, another original Ti-

tan who is now a stockbroker. "Like 'Newspaper, five cents, subway token, 15 cents.'"

Tight hudgeting was understandable during those early days with the Titans. Payday was always a gamble. The players never knew whether the check *it* would arrive at all or if it could be cashed before it bounced. The comparative prosperity of playing with the Jets has not gone to Maynard's head, however. A couple of years ago he brought a pro-celebrity golf tournament to a stand-still when he disappeared after sending his drive over a hill. For an interminable time, the marshal didn't give the all-clear sign. Grantham, playing right behind Maynard, could not imagine what the holdup was until he reached the top of the rise and spotted his buddy. "He had his boots off," says Grantham, "and he was wading around in a pond pulling out old golf balls. 'Looker here,' he yelled out, pleased as a kid. 'I've found half a dozen.'"

Through the years Maynard has tried, with little success, to pass his sense of economy on to teammates. He used to call Mathis "Bird" simply because it was the running back's devout wish to own a Ford Thunderbird. In virtually every city the team played, the two would tour

showrooms together. "Don't spend all that money on a sports car, Bird," Maynard would tell Mathis. "Get yourself a Fairlane."

Maynard himself arrived at training camp in Peekskill, N.Y. in 1963 driving a turquoise, 8-year-old Ford coupe that he had fitted out to operate on butane instead of gasoline. One teammate called it the "El Paso Flame Thrower." Back home in El Paso the Flame Thrower, with 160,000 miles to its credit, still stands in the Maynard driveway. "Heck, you get the same mileage with butane as you get with regular gas, and it costs a whole lot less than gasoline does," Maynard says. "Besides, it doesn't pollute the environment, and your engine will last five times as long."

The fact that Maynard performs this automotive engineering himself is just a small sample of his versatility. He has taught math, industrial arts, government and world history in high school, and has earned a plumber's license, an achievement that took five years of apprenticeship.

As Grantham explains, "When Don believes in something he goes all out." One time, for example, Maynard dove fully clothed into an icy motel swimming pool to win a \$75 bet. Another time, although neither alcohol nor tobacco has ever touched his lips, Maynard guzzled cleaning fluid just to prove a point.

This happened in connection with a distributorship he had for a cleaner named Swipe. Speaking at a Lions Club gathering in Peekskill, Maynard decided he needed a dramatic demonstration to prove that Swipe was nontoxic, so he poured himself a glass and chug-a-lugged it before the startled Lions. "I knew it would never make me sick," Maynard says, "but it did make the inside of my mouth pucker up and feel like cotton wool. I had to go to practice that afternoon with ice cubes in my mouth."

Late in the 1968 season Maynard promised to end his abstinence from alcohol and take a glass of champagne if the Jets won the Super Bowl, but when the time came to pay off after the momentous upset of the Colts, he balked. Grantham demanded that he make good on his promise. Maynard thought for a moment, then shook his head. "I didn't say which Super Bowl," he said.

Maynard just as stubbornly refuses to

UNPERTURBED BY THE RESTRAINING HAND ON HIS ELBOW, MAYNARD BREAKS DOWNFIELD



## THE 10 TOP RECEIVERS

|                   | RECEPTIONS | YEARS PLAYED | YARDAGE (RANK) | TOUCHDOWNS (RANK) |
|-------------------|------------|--------------|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Don Maynard    | 632        | 14           | 11,816 (1)     | 88 (2)            |
| 2. Raymond Berry  | 631        | 13           | 9,275 (3)      | 68 (7)            |
| 3. Lionel Taylor  | 567        | 9            | 7,195 (13)     | 45                |
| 4. Lance Alworth  | 542        | 11           | 10,266 (2)     | 85 (3)            |
| 5. Bobby Mitchell | 521        | 11           | 7,954 (9)      | 65 (10T)          |
| 6. Billy Houston  | 503        | 12           | 8,459 (4)      | 61 (13T)          |
| 7. Tommy McDonald | 495        | 12           | 8,410 (5)      | 84 (4)            |
| 8. Don Hutson     | 488        | 11           | 7,991 (8)      | 99 (1)            |
| 9. Art Powell     | 479        | 10           | 8,046 (7)      | 81 (5)            |
| 10. Boyd Dowler   | 474        | 12           | 7,270 (12)     | 40                |

lose his temper. "Don is such an easy-going guy, even under the worst circumstances," Grantham says, "that I can think of only one time he really got hot. That was in a game against Buffalo a few years ago when one of their defensive backs was hitting him late and getting in a lot of cheap shots. Suddenly on a play down near their goal line, Don hit this guy from the blind side with his forearm, knocked his helmet off and left him lying there in the end zone until his teammates came out and lugged him off."

The story is an exaggeration, according to Maynard. "It didn't happen like that," he protests. "The play was a quarterback roll-out, and my job was to block this guy. I hit him a good lick, but it wasn't until afterwards I even knew it was the same guy who had been beating on me. Maybe I smiled a little, but I don't believe in retaliation. It's always the guy who retaliates who gets caught and penalized, never the original sinner. You can lose ball games that way."

More representative of Maynard is a story concerning a game against Denver. A defensive back first interfered with Don on a pass play, then he clobbered Maynard on the side of the head and finally he spat obscenities at him. Shocked, Maynard addressed himself to the referee. "You should throw this dirty player out of the game," he said. "He's a disgrace to football. He's a disgrace to his family."

Some years back in a game against Buffalo both teams poured out on the field and started to brawl. Maynard, who was standing next to Muthis on the New York bench, talked him out of joining

the fight. "Let's just stay here, Bird, and watch," he said. "We've got the best view in the house."

Perhaps it is because of his unflamboyant temperament that Maynard has never reaped the recognition that other wide receivers like Berry, Lance Alworth, Bob Hayes, Paul Warfield or even his former teammate Sauer have enjoyed. When the AFL closed up shop after 10 years and merged with the NFL, Maynard, along with Alworth, was named as a wide receiver on the league's all-time team. But in no single year had Maynard been voted to the first-string all-AFL team. Charley Hennigan of Houston was named three years. Powell, who went from the Titans to Oakland, made it four times. Alworth seven times and Sauer twice. Obviously, it takes a while—like a decade—for Maynard to grow on people.

In comparing the abilities of Berry and Maynard, both of whom he has coached, Ewbank points out that Berry, who was not fast, relied on his moves and precisely run patterns to get free, while Maynard has always been able to count on his speed. "Raymond was usually tackled the instant he caught the ball," says Ewbank. "Give Don a step and he's gone." Berry averaged 14.7 yards gained on his 631 receptions; Maynard's career average is 18.7.

Maynard is also particularly skillful at setting up a defensive man for the kill. "Don knows exactly what he can do," says Ewbank. "When he comes back and reports that a cornerback can be beaten, he doesn't just say 'throw it.' He explains exactly what pattern should be run and where the ball should go, and you can bet it's going to work."

A good example of this occurred in the 1966 AFL championship playoff against Oakland that put the Jets in the Super Bowl. Since early in the first quarter Maynard had been making a move inside on Cornerback George Atkinson without cutting back to the outside. Midway in the fourth quarter, with the Jets trailing 23-20, Maynard told Namath that he knew he could beat Atkinson deep. Maynard made his usual move inside on Atkinson, but this time cut back to the outside, got a step on his defender and caught the pass for a 52-yard gain. One play later Maynard made a diving catch of a Namath bullet in the Rader end zone, and the Jets were in the Super Bowl.

Maynard's spectacular night against Oakland last December suggests that he can, as Ewbank says, run forever. But as Marilyn Maynard points out, "When you've been around for 15 years, injuries become a big part of your life." Still fast, lean and fit, Maynard thinks he can survive one or two more years in the NFL. His only worry is whether the urge to play will stay with him that long. Each year he grows increasingly reluctant to pull up stakes in El Paso and move north with a family that includes his daughter Terry, 14, and son Scott, 11, and into the small, modest apartment they rent on Long Island during the season. With income from investments and savings swelled from years of parsimonious budgeting, a tie-distributing business and promotional work for an El Paso clothing company, Maynard is comfortably fixed outside of his Jet salary of roughly \$45,000 a year.

The other day he showed a visitor through the large two-story house just northwest of El Paso that the Maynards, in an uncharacteristic burst of extravagance, bought last year. It is a white brick, red tile ranch house, complete with interior courtyard, a wraparound balcony, a stable out back for the Maynards' horse, Cheyenne, and a field of alfalfa. In short, the good life.

"I guess I'll keep playing football as long as I can perform, but there's so much for all of us to do down here," said the man of multiple talents, waving a hand in the general direction of everything. "It's real tough breaking away each year. I think spiritually I'll be ready to quit football long before I'm physically incapable of going on."

END

# BUY NOW AND CRY LATER

Step right up, folks. Hurry, hurry. Get some land and build your dream house for those declining years: golf in your backyard, tennis two blocks away, water all around, and fish—suckers—everywhere

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

**T**he case of Mrs. Gomer Jones, widow of the Oklahoma athletic director and football coach, is simple and instructive for potential buyers of vacation homesites. When Mrs. Jones went to see the New Mexico lots that her husband had bought for retirement, she broke down and cried and subsequently gave her lots away.

There are an estimated 10,000 developers in the vacation home business in the U.S. Some have projects that are well conceived both financially and environmentally. But unfortunately, there are too many projects that are had on either one count or the other or both. Indeed, the vacation home business, especially undeveloped lot sales, is rife with deceptive practices, and state and federal agencies have their hands full running down complaints from the victimized. There is so much fraud rampant that Vince Conboy, a real estate broker in Naples, Fla. and a crusader against the huckster artists roaming his state, says, "It's the single biggest swindle in the country."

George K. Bernstein, who recently took over and shook up the Office of Interstate Land Sales Registration in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, says of the industry, "Though there are many reputable developers who have every intention of performing their promises, there are those who are not reputable. We are dealing with salesmen—across the board, even among the reputable companies—who promise you the world and who are working on a commission, and thus have an incentive to sell and lie through their teeth."

For all the warnings by responsible public officials, it is almost impossible for

any American with a postal address or a telephone to escape the hard-sell salesmen. Sick brochures bursting with color photographs of the great outdoors pour through the mail, and the phone rings with unsolicited calls about your chance for a second home in the wilderness—that retreat by the lake, your own beach on the sea. There are all sorts of come-ons, ranging from free plastic dishes to a free dinner at a local restaurant. The gullible who accept are met by an army of salesmen who wear bell-bottom trousers and have more teeth than Bert Parks. They pin a card on your lapel proclaiming you "Mr. V.I.P.," and within two minutes they are calling you by your first name. The pitch varies, but essentially it has the same opener. After dinner a movie is shown about the paradise you can buy. Both the film and the salesmen emphasize that Sleazy Acres is "totally planned," down to the new lake stuffed with bass built along the lines of Chicago aldermen. If the project is in Florida, anywhere in Florida, it is always "near Disney World." Wherever the locale, there almost always are swimming, water skiing (and maybe skiing, too), sauna baths, a yacht club, horseback riding, sailing, golf and, if you're lucky, a kiddie zoo! You can't miss. The salesmen have an assortment of lines. "Why I'm buying here myself just as an investment." "Sail into coves no one else knows about." "Go out in the early morning, breathe deeply and catch a whiff of the American dream." In too many cases the dream turns out to be a nightmare. That idyllic "ranchette" turns out to be a quarter-acre lot miles from nowhere, and the water only 800 feet away is just that, straight down. The southern hideaway is just that, too: many buyers can never find theirs behind the stands of swamp grass. Resale value is often nil. But then again, you have to have vision, as the salesman says.

Whenever a land-development scheme is announced, conservationists are usually the first to protest. Aside from any rip-off of the public—and there may be none at all involved—a development might not only put a stress on the environment but become a tax burden. Last year the Northern Environmental Council in Duluth, which takes in a host

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ORRIS

**IN FLORIDA** a canal, hardly a grand one, is beset by boats but swarms with assorted floatam



of organizations from Michigan to the Dakotas, issued a paper noting that "Local and county zoning regulations have, with very few exceptions, shown themselves to be almost useless when dealing with large-scale developments. These mass recreational promotions suddenly create vast new urban communities without adequate local government or public services." As the study points out, the promoter departs when the lots are sold, and "Left behind is usually a weak land-owners association and the same rural township government to deal with mounting demands imposed by hundreds of new homeowners who expect road maintenance, sanitary-waste disposal, fire and police protection, lake and (often) slum management and miscellaneous public services including schools for those who become permanent residents. In fact, a whole new urban community arises overnight, too large and complex for the capabilities of local governments to deal with."

When the NOREC made a study of a shore development on Lake Superior in Minnesota it reported that 40% of the shore surveyed was "unsuitable for soil absorption sewage disposal systems because the soil is too heavy or underlain with rock to permit percolation. And an additional 27% of Minnesota shoreline . . . is so permeable that it permits too rapid a percolation rate for complete neutralization of sewage contaminants before reaching the lake water." In Wisconsin, Senator Gaylord Nelson warned, "With vast areas of the state still unzoned, and weak controls on the massive new leisure living developments now being planned throughout the state, we are about as well equipped to deal with the recreation revolution as someone planning to shoot spitballs at a tornado. If we don't act decisively now, in a decade the once pristine environment of northern Wisconsin will be turned into a recreation slum. . . ."

Senator Nelson is working on an amendment to Senator Henry Jackson's federal land use bill that would make developers prove that their projects are environmentally justified, but the fact is that even where there are laws some developers will do their best to bend them. In New York, for example, it is not just a matter of legislative statute but an actual state constitutional amendment that forest preserve lands in the Catskills and Adirondacks must remain "forever

*continued*



A TRANQUIL STREET IN NEW MEXICO WHERE YOUR NEIGHBORS WILL BE MILES AWAY

#### BUT NOW

"This constitutional amendment, adopted in 1894 after destructive logging of lands owned by the state since colonial days, has been upheld time after time by the voters. Even so, battles crop up, and there are several fights going on now. In the Catskills, John H. Adams, a former assistant U. S. attorney who is now the executive director of the Natural Resources Defense Council, has personally filed suit, along with Friends of the Earth, the Atlantic chapter of the Sierra Club and the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, against Rockland Town authorities to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haas from developing Edgewood Lakes, Inc., a 400-acre property divided into half-acre vacation lots. Adams alleges that the town unlawfully amended zoning to allow the subdivision and, moreover, he charged that sewage from the development would pollute Waneta Lake and the Beaver Kill, which are designated as forever wild areas under the state constitution. The Haases filed a counterclaim against Adams alleging that he was indulging in malicious prosecution and had prompted newspaper articles to appear that caused them financial harm. Decisions in the case may be a year off, but the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation has ruled, as the result of a hearing requested by petition, that although it is not opposed to the project, no sewage effluent could be placed either

in Waneta Lake or the Beaver Kill.

In the Adirondacks, the largest wilderness area east of the Mississippi, conservationists have been contesting two proposed mammoth developments. The first of these, dubbed "Ton-Das-Lay" by promoter Louis Papparazzo, would house 20,000 people on 18,500 acres near Tupper Lake. The second, as yet unnamed by the Horizon Corporation, is supposed to be set on 24,000 acres in the northern section of the mountains. Now, however, both projects may come to naught, at least as envisioned in the eyes of the developers. Following the recommendations of the Adirondack Park Agency, the state legislature last May passed a bill imposing strict rules on development of privately owned land, so strict in fact that one conservationist says, "Massive second-home developments in the Adirondacks will be a thing of the past."

In part, the Horizon Corporation's announcement of its purchase of land in the Adirondacks prompted the legislative action. In an open letter to New York newspaper editors and state officials, Harvey Mudd III, director of the Central Clearing House, a conservation group in Santa Fe, N. Mex., wrote in June 1972, "The people of New York will get no 'bargain' if the Horizon Corporation is allowed to develop the 24 thousand acre property in the Adirondack State Park. Horizon Corporation controls nearly a quarter of a million acres of land in New Mexico on or near two gigantic parcels

known as Paradise Hills and the Rio Communities (Rio del Oro, Rio Grande Estates, Rancho Rio Grande). Their massive sales organization in New York State sells these 'sure fire investments' to thousands of New Yorkers every year who are led to believe that they are buying a lot on the edge of a verdant golf course, when in fact they are getting a piece of worthless desert half a dozen miles from the nearest utility tie-up or community services.

"Horizon Corporation sends many thousands of letters urging people to invest successfully in real estate. Horizon Corporation itself is the successful investor. They purchase large tracts of land in New Mexico, the price often under \$200 an acre, cover the land with lot grids and sell it to the gullible in small size lots at prices that usually exceed \$4,000 an acre. . . . The real estate section of the *Albuquerque Journal* is full of Horizon Corporation realties, which are well under the original price paid. The market is glutted with second-sale subdivision lots, and the company is certainly making no real-estate itself.

"Horizon's largest holding in New Mexico exceeds 145 thousand acres. As of July 16, 1971 (when the latest Property Report was filed), only 154 homes had been built. In this operation, core unit development, a few houses, a golf course, and a sales office is used as the bait to sell the remote desert land."

In New Mexico, a Nirvana for big-city dwellers, more than one million acres have been scissored into small lots on paper. This land, if built upon, could accommodate more than eight million people, eight times the present state population. New Mexico's landscape is now tickticked with roads bulldozed out of the desert (state law requires developers to provide access to lots), and the dust they raise contributes to air and stream pollution. In essence most of the parcels are ghost lots, peddled to people far away. Often the sales theme is investment. Horizon has advertised, "You can make money here even if you can't spell Albuquerque." When various civic, consumer-protection and conservation groups banded together last year to back a bill in the legislature that would have allowed the state to reject new developments that lacked sufficient water supply, they were soundly beaten, even though the legislation was supported by Governor Bruce King and leading news-



papers. As State Senator Eddie Barbow argued in debate, "I don't see why we should spend hours worrying about somebody in New York spending \$1,500 or \$2,000 on a worthless piece of New Mexico land that doesn't have water. If they're that stupid, let them spend it. . . . I have a friend who is a stewardess with one of the airlines that flies them in and she tells me these people don't even drink water."

Many out-of-staters who buy lots are surprised to discover that it can rain heavily in the desert. A South Carolina man who bought a Deming ranchette after reading an ad in the *Washington Post* later decided to sell. He wrote a realtor in New Mexico, and the realtor replied, "... I am very sorry to inform you that I have been unable to interest anyone in [your property] at any price. . . . I don't know if you have seen the lots or not, but all the access roads, as well as the lots themselves, are under water during wet weather. . . . when it is wet not even four-wheel drive vehicles can reach them."

Land sales in Florida are often an impossible mess. Robert J. Hansen, managing editor of the *St. Petersburg Times*, which has run a series of exposés, says, "The sale of Florida swampland to unsuspecting Northerners has long been a national joke. But it's not funny. It's a national scandal." With all defense to conservationists, Vince Conboy points out that the state has spent more money to protect alligators than it has to prevent buyers from being devoured by salesmen. Florida is crisscrossed with paper lots that are either under water or unreachable or hold no likely prospect of development for several hundred years, as Conboy makes clear in a book he wrote and published, *Exposé, Florida's Billion Dollar Land Fraud*. Conboy is no anarchist sling mud at the real-estate establishment. He has short hair and belongs to Kiwanis and the Knights of Columbus. Now 70 years of age, he is a native of Wisconsin who moved to Florida 15 years ago as a real-estate broker. In Wisconsin he had worked for the Federal Government as an appraiser, and what he found going on in Florida real estate shocked him into becoming a crusader. When the *St. Petersburg Times* assigned Staff Writer Elizabeth Whitney to check Conboy's allegations in *Exposé*, it found him "virtually unimpeachable on almost every point." Conboy, who

has gotten little help from either state or federal authorities, is particularly outraged by Golden Gate Estates near Naples in Collier County. GAC Properties, formerly the Gulf American Land Corporation, noted in a recent report that it had sold almost all the 113,000 acres in the subdivision. "They paid \$100 to \$150 an acre and sold it for as much as \$1,300 an acre," Conboy says. "They went in and drained it so there are fires now. In fact, it's a forest-fire nightmare. The company boasted it would be the largest subdivision in the world, but in all this 113,000 acres there are just three houses after 10 years."

One of the houses is occupied by Wald and Mary Mitchell from Akron. The Mitchells, who are in their 70s, sank almost \$6,000 of their savings into their lot, and rather than lose most of that trying to sell, they decided to build. However, they are so far out in the boondocks that they cannot afford a telephone. The phone company said the house was so remote that it would cost the Mitchells \$2,890 to bring in a line. Even if the Mitchells could afford a phone, they would have little time to chat on it since fire fighting is a full-time job. In a two-month period they had to fight off fires on four fronts that threatened to engulf their little home.

Conboy says, "More than \$100 million has been invested in that drained swamp by wonderful people. Some might call them suckers or fools for buying lots there, but these buyers were people who

had been reared in a trusting way, people who couldn't believe that human beings could be so low as to steal their life savings." According to Conboy, Florida has more than two million lots that have little or no resale value even though many were purchased at fancy prices as an investment. When he began making noises about this, a General Development Corp. subsidiary wrote to his wife offering a \$2,000 profit on lots she owned in Port Charlotte. Conboy replied that he would be happy to sell if General Development would repurchase all similar lots owned by other buyers for \$1,500 each. The company refused.

The hard-sell hucksters peddling second home lots in Florida, New Mexico and other parts of the U.S. are having a feast on U.S. servicemen overseas. The European edition of *Stars and Stripes* last December devoted three special eight-page news supplements to U.S. land sales companies doing about \$30 million a year of business in Europe with GIs. "All companies plead innocence of wrongdoing," *Stars and Stripes* said, "but exhaustive research in Europe turned up case after case of misrepresentation and half-truths, omissions and commission, advertising exaggerations and high-pressure sales tactics." Misrepresentation went so far that a salesman told one soldier that Discovery Bay was in Florida and not Mississippi.

Although European Command regulations prohibit land companies from operating on posts, the companies make

continued

SOME HOT PROPERTY IN THE BOONDOCKS WITH FOREST FIRES ALWAYS AVAILABLE



the regulations a farce by routinely hiring military personnel as salesmen or scouts to find buyers. One master sergeant admitted he had collected \$5 for every husband and wife "unit" that he steered to GAC. The former U.S. Army Europe commander-in-chief, General Bruce C. Clarke, has gone to work for Horizon to handle public relations. General Clarke, who last fall invited key military authorities to have lunch with him at various locations in Germany, prepared a mail-order flyer for Horizon entitled, "Why the Military Man Should Acquire Land—by General Bruce C. Clarke, U.S. Army, Retired." General Clarke was hopeful that authorities would allow salesmen who "qualify" to solicit on posts, but, as Captain David Naugle, chief of the Army's legal assistance division in Europe, advised *Stars and Stripes*, the best way to handle land salesmen is to "boot them into the North Sea."

For all the fraud and misrepresentation going on, relatively few of the swindled realize that they have recourse to a federal agency that has recently started going after the swindlers. The agency is the Office of Interstate Land Sales Registration run by George Bernstein and his deputy, John McDowell, in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. The agency, usually abbreviated as OILSR, came into being in 1968, primarily because Senator Harrison Williams Jr. of New Jersey was angered at seeing the elderly victimized while buying retirement lots. Still, until Bernstein took over the agency had accomplished little and was considered a lap dog of the land-sales industry.

A lawyer by profession, Bernstein is unusual in that he wears two hats; before he took over as OILSR chief, he was, and still is, the Federal Insurance Administrator, a position in which he caused some flap by going after Blue Cross. When he assumed controls at OILSR, he adopted the policy that he has followed to this day. "I publicly called our relationship with the land-sales industry an adversary relationship. They said we should 'work together.' My constituency is not the regulated industry but the public." That is rather a mild statement for

Bernstein, who is given to such comments as "This is a bad industry—it's an industry not used to being regulated," or "I cut the big red apple and watch the worms crawl out." An aide has said, "Around here we rate developers from zero to minus 10."

The law under which Bernstein operates, the Interstate Land Sales Full Disclosure Act, requires developers selling subdivisions of 50 or more unimproved lots less than five acres in size, in inter-

state Act in any way or indulge in fraud, the buyer may sue for damages, which are often measured by the purchase price and court costs. In addition, OILSR can seek criminal penalties of up to five years in prison, a fine up to \$5,000, or both. Even if a developer is operating only within one state, Bernstein and OILSR can get him if he has used the U.S. mails. There are some drawbacks to the law. For one, if a buyer fails to understand the Property Report and fails to understand or doesn't read the fine print saying no water is available, he is in tough luck. As they say at OILSR, "The law will light the threshold but not unlock the door." Then again, as Bernstein puts it, "A developer could be raping the land ecologically, and there's not a thing we could do as long as there is full disclosure."

Still, the law can be effective, and to make certain that the public became aware of it and his office, Bernstein and McDowell made a nationwide swing of 17 cities last year to hold public hearings on the law and to listen to the aggrieved. They heard one horror story after another. The company that drew the most complaints was GAC, one of the largest developers. Most of the complaints concerned misleading sales practices and misrepresentation.

Last October Bernstein really stunned the American Land Development Association when he announced that a federal grand jury in Atlanta had returned a 22-count criminal indictment against four individual corporate officers, three corporations and eight land salesmen. One of the corporate officers indicted was Frank A. Carcase, president of Great Northern Development Corporation and also chairman of the board of the American Land Development Association. Adding salt to the wound, Bernstein said, "If we were looking for a case illustrating all the abuses about which we have been warning the public at our abuses hearings we couldn't have found a more frightening example." Among the charges by the grand jury, all of which revolved around a development known as Treasure Lake of Georgia, Inc., were that the defendants had



RIBBONS OF DUSTY ROADS THAT SMOG UP THE AIR

state commerce, to file a detailed Statement of Record with OILSR. They must also give purchasers a Property Report that contains 19 items taken from the Statement of Record on such matters as the availability of sewer and water service or septic tanks and wells, distances to nearby communities over paved or unpaved roads, the number of homes currently occupied, soil conditions that could cause problems in construction, utility services and other matters. If the developer fails to give the buyer a copy of the Property Report either before or when he buys, the buyer may void the purchase. Moreover, should the developer fail to comply with the Full Disclo-

failed to register and file a Statement of Record prior to initial sales and that there was misrepresentation after they finally did, obtained by fraud the signatures of buyers on documents which showed that a Property Report had been received when it had not, showed buyers phony pictures of a lake, a golf course and other recreational improvements in a conspiracy consisting of "devices, schemes and artifices to defraud and establish a practice and course of business which would operate as a fraud and deceit."

In response to the land swindles and in answer to had planning, several states—notably Vermont, California and Maine—have recently passed legislation to protect both the buyer and the environment. In California, *Bose Cascade* recently agreed to a \$58.5 million settlement of lawsuits brought against the company for false and misleading sales practices, following a halt last July of recreational land sales. The *Sierra Club Bulletin* noted, "What sort of enterprise is it where a large, financially responsible corporation, with millions of dollars in assets, thousands of stockholders and a large staff of experts should fall so low while dozens of tacky operations continue to thrive? Boise's experience confirms what many have known all along—that the recreational land business, dealing in a largely unnecessary product that few people can afford, usually must rely for its success on glib salesmen and naive customers."

New legislation is pending on the federal level. Congressman Morris K. Udall of Arizona has introduced a bill that would, among other things, prohibit interstate advertising, and Congressman Barry Goldwater Jr. of California is drawing up a bill that would create a Securities and Real Estate Commission patterned on the Securities and Exchange Commission. Such a commission would regulate interstate land sales, not simply administer the Full Disclosure Act.

Yet for all the laws now on the books or aborning, much of the grief involved in land sales could be avoided if potential buyers used common sense. Any buyer interested in land should personally inspect it, carefully read the Property Report, have the land independently appraised and then confer with a lawyer before signing anything. As with any major purchase, but with land especially, let the buyer beware.

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The pump in the well kept shutting off. I messed around with the pressure switch to no avail. And when I restarted the pump by hitting the breakers, it belched rusty water into the sink and the pressure wasn't strong enough to sprinkle the garden. The pump is 180 feet down there with its own dark and secret life. I call the plumber.

An hour later the plumber is in the well pit. I look at him in that gloomy hole with his rusty wrench, the water up around his ankles, the pale tuberous roots of vegetation sticking out of the cold earthen sides of the well. He asks me how I've been doing; he means with fish.

I go out to the mailbox and run into a man taking in the sights with his wife. He wants to talk. They live in a trailer near Red Lodge and he sells concrete animals for yards. He keeps a good quarter horse and is a weekend jackpot roper. He's looking to catch him a large trout, he says. It must be in the air.

I stood with fly rod in hand on my first day of trout fishing for the year. We were a mile above the bridge that leads to White Sulphur Springs. They were retrieving a strange souvenir of winter. A Texasco wecker was bucked to the bank, hauling a dead horse out of the river, hauling him up by his hind legs, swinging him out through the willows on the end of the boom in black, wet-meat totality. A sandbank had gone out from under him, and he was lost to the river as surely as today's water and streamside pasturage.

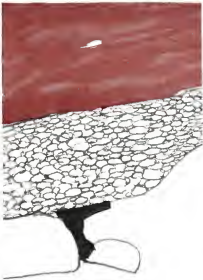
When the ice broke up, the flooded river had returned to its banks and the broad, dull floodlands reshaped along the road in their loops and meandering symmetry. By June the spring storms were light-shot and prominent, quite unlike the homogenous gloom of April: the first summer storms, perhaps. In the evening the Absaroka and Gallatin ranges overlapped like jagged sheets of palest slate under the pearly turbulence, and the river dropped from flood to a full canal gloss. Then, at last, the spangled river came out from under, braided in places like a glacial river, or lying along sandy bars in a green, bending slot of oxygen and trout.

Sunup got earlier and earlier until you woke under blue windows full of blowing cottonwood seeds, always with the feeling you had overslept. The pass above the ranch was already dropping its long lever of candied light into day.

You could hear the creek from the bedroom window racing down stony terraces among dry junipers.

It was clear that if you weren't careful, another summer would slip through the net, trailing wasted time, mortgage payments and a number of things you could have saved.

The river stayed out of color well past the Fourth of July on our stretch. We hiked into the canyon of the Yellowstone to catch the last days of the salmonfly hatch, carrying



## SEASONS SLIPPING THROUGH AN ANGLER'S NET

Brilliant trout fishing days—the salmonfly spring, the calm beaver ponds of summer, the wood ducks flushing and wheeling overhead in autumn—stream by as surely as the river current

by THOMAS McGUANE

rods and packs around geysers and poison springs with deer skeletons on their bottoms, and into pine copses through which sulfurous steam blew, and down long switchbacks of scree and crumbly rhyolite. The far side of the canyon rose trailless miles away with our slow descent. It seemed another world from us; absolute, remote and changing color with every hour's shift of light.

We were a true phalanx of trout bums, since dispersed as

far away as New Zealand and as near as wives and families, that quicksand into which a troll's share is taken, generation after generation, spitting bamboo fragments and blue dun hackle, to join—with some decency—another of sport's secret mothball fleets.

Finally, at the bottom of this hot canyon there is the river, a terrific surprise. And the switchbacks jut in to trail along its sides. The river seems quite literally a crack in the

*continued*





earth, here so exposed as to be principally rock. So while our home stretch of the same river is still brown with spring runoff and irrigation, slough-connected and meandering among old ranches, here it is a lightning fissure in rock, emerald-blue and slightly unearthly.

In the canyon on the trout's range of travel is bounded by falls, sudden declivities or change of altitude in the slash rock: the blue river turns green-white in a right-angle downward turn, a long ribbon of falling water, roaring and blowing away. The trout live above or below such a place, these are separate civilizations.

We cast our big, visible dries on the glossy rush and quickly trout soar into focus and vanish with our flies. Roads bow and lines shear through the water. Handsome cutthroat trout are beached and released in the gravel, wriggling back into deep water and flickering invisibly into the pale water curtain.

A mile below the trail's end, we found a feeder creek that dropped almost vertically from pool to minute pool. And each pool held handsome cutthroats that took flies readily and leaped, dropping down the plateaus, until they were in the river itself. It seemed unfashionable to hook fish at eye level, watch their descent, then finish the fight under your feet. Many of these fish were in their spawning colors and shimmered in the current as brilliant as macaws.

We ended the afternoon's fishing in time to save an increment of energy for the climb out. A great blue lid of shadow had started down one wall, and the boulders and escarpments bore eccentrically long panels of shade. Above us, a few impressive birds of prey sorted the last thermals. In two hours they were below us, turning grave circles in polite single file.

At Tower Falls we stumbled tiredly out of the woods. It was getting dark and someone fumbled for the car keys.

Mirage on the road-crowns as I spring along under sage-covered ledges, pools of water on macadam hills. Blackbirds scatter before my truck.

All the grass that seemed to indicate something about possibility, that turned up in mountain edges full of yellow-blossomed clover, was sun-dried like hard wire, annealed and napped in one direction or in whorls like cowlicks but distinctly dun-colored on the hard hills.

Now when the sheep yanked up in the orchard, their fetor hung slowly downward with an edge that was less organic than chemical. In the heat of broad day I saw a coyote on a yellow grassy bench digging along the length of a pocket gopher's workings, throwing up an industrious stream of dirt behind himself like a beagle.

In midsummer big streams like the

Missouri headwaters can come to seem slumberous and unproductive. The great sweeps of river are warm and exposed: and the fishing can be perfectly lousy.

Then, evening fishing on the spring creeks—streams that jump full-grown, quite mythically, from under ledges or out of swamp ground, and flow for miles before joining a river, often at some secretive or wooded confluence. The stub ends of such streams are seen by passing fishermen who seldom suspect the trout network lying beyond.

The angler parcels out the midsummer months with pocket situations, good for a few amusing visits. I always make two or three trips to my nearby beaver ponds, wallowing through swamp and chest-high grass to the beaver houses, beyond which stands water full of small brook trout. In the still ponds are the gnawed stumps of trees, big enough in diameter to suggest the recently solid ground these advanced rodents have conquered.

If we fish here in the fall, we bring back wild crab apples for baking with the easily gathered creel of brook trout. The fish in these ponds live on freshwater shrimp and their flesh is salmon pink on either side of their pearly backbones. The trout themselves are as surprisingly vivid as fine enamels, and the few meals a year we make of them are sacraments.

The stream that flows through our place, Deep Creek, is lost in irrigation

head gates by August so it has no trout. Obviously, my 6-year-old son fishes the pretty pool next to our cattle guard, year after year increasing his conviction that trout are a difficult fish. Morbid friends say he is a sportsman of the future. I will explain to him as an acceptable *Reynolds* if the trout are lost, smash the state. More than any other fish, trout are dependent upon the ambience in which they are caught. It would be hard to say whether or not it is the trout or the angler who is more sensitive to the degeneration of habitat, but probably it is the trout. At the first signs of degeneration, the otherwise vigorous trout just politely quits, as though to say, "If that's how you want it . . ." Meanwhile, the angler qualitatively lapses in citizenship. Other kinds of fishermen may toss their baits into the factory shadows. The trout fisherman who doesn't turn dangerously unpatriotic just politely quits, like the trout.

It's October, a bluebird Indian summer day. Opening day for ducks, and you're going to need your Coppertone. It will be over 80°.

Standing on the iron bridge at Pine Creek, I look upstream. I suppose it is a classic autumn day in the Rockies, by some standards, it is outrageous. The China-blue river breaks up into channels that jet back together from chutes and gravel tongues to form a deep emerald pool that flows toward me on the bridge with a hidden turbulence like a concealed shock wave. Where the river lifts upstream on its gravel runs it glitters with oxygenated brilliance.

The division of the river makes a multiplicity of banks, but the main ones are shrouded with the great, almost heart-breaking cottonwoods that are now all gone to a tremulous, sun-shot gold, reaching out over the river's blue rush. Where the pools level out, the bizarre free-traveling clouds with their futuristic shapes are reflected.

I can see my friend and neighbor, a painter, walking along the high cutbank above the river. This would be a man who has ruined his life with sport. He skulks from his home at all hours with gun or rod. Today he has both.

"What are you doing?"

"Trout fishing and duck hunting."

I feel like a man who has been laid off to be only trout fishing.

"As you see," says the painter, gestulating strangely. "I'm ready for anything. I spoiled half the day with work and errands. I have to pull things out of the fire before they go from bad to worse." Across the river, the Absaroka Range towers up out of the warm valley with snowcapped peaks and gold stripes of aspen intermittently dividing the high pasture and the evergreen forest. My friend heads off, promising a report later on.

The last chance you get at overall strategy in trout fishing, before you lose yourself in the game itself, is during the period called "rigging up." I stand next to my truck looking upstream and down, and remove the knurled brass cap from the aluminum tube. I am deep into the voodoo of rigging up. I draw the smoky-colored hammock shafts from their poplin sack and join the rod. I fasten the old pewtery Hardy St. George reel my father gave me to the cork seat and knot the monofilament leader in place. Then I irritate myself over the matter of which fly to use, finally darting my hand into the fly box blindly. I come up with one I tied myself that imitates the effect of a riot gun on a love seat. I swiftly return it to its lair and take out a professionally tied spruce fly and attach it to my leader. I get into my waders, slipping the blue police suspenders onto my shoulders. Rigging up is over and there is fishing, or angling to be done.

By the time my friend is out of sight, I am scrambling down the bank to the river, which here is in three channels around long willow-covered islands. By cautiously wading the heads of pools in these channels, one can cross the mighty river on foot, a cheap thrill I do not deprive myself of. Regardless of such illusions, I am an ordinary wader and pick my way over the slippery rocks experiencing the various nuances of having my heart in my mouth. I have friends who are superior waders. One of them, significantly a former paratrooper, glides downstream whenever he loses his footing until he touches down again, erect as a penguin all the while. At any and all mishaps when wading big rivers I tend to scream that I am too young to die, then later fob off this noisy cowardice as "reverence for nature."

This late in the year, the first channel crossing is child's play. I wade over to the long willow island that is decorated

continued



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on this shore by a vintage automobile, a breakaway bit of Montana riprap, high and dry with river sand up to the steering wheel.

The brush willows form an interior jungle, all the details of which contrive to slap you in the face over and over again as you bushwhack through. I come to a small clearing where a shallow sandy-bottomed slough has penetrated. A school of fry, a couple of feet wide and maybe 10 feet long, dominates the end of the slough. With my approach these thousands of fish scatter toward the river; this is as fertile a nursery area as it is possible to imagine, dense and dark with infant fish.

I continue across the island, sweating in my waders, and end up at a broad, bright channel. The tenderloin of the spot is a 150-foot bevel of current, along the edge of which trout persistently hang. I wade into position, false casting the necessary amount of line to get underway. Then I make my first cast, up sun, and coronas of mist hang around the traveling direction of the line. I mend the line, throwing a belly into it to make the streamer continually present itself broadside to trout holding upstream in the current. I have a short strike early on, but I miss it.

Then nothing except the steady surge of the river against my legs until I can feel it bending with enormous purpose toward North Dakota and its meeting with the Missouri. In the green of the river, the ghostly orbs of white boulders are buried in running channels. The river is

a fluid envelope for trout, occasionally marred by the fish themselves rising to take an insect and punctuating the glassy run with a whorl that opens and spirals downstream like a smoke ring. The boulders are constant, but the river soars away to the east.

After a period of methodical fishing, I finally come up tight on a trout. He holds throbbing for a long moment, then without any run at all is suddenly aerial. Four crisp dashes later and the trout is vividly alive and cold in my hand. As I return him to the river, I bend over and watch him hold briefly in the graveled current between my feet, then quick as light he's gone.

I stand up and I feel that mild, aching joy of the first fish and I look to the long river moss in the crystal gravel channels, streaming and wavering like radio signals.

I return to the bridge and court my soul, gazing into the rapids. The painter appears within the hour, empty-handed. "I want a drink." Trout fishermen express themselves concisely, communing with nature having deprived them of any affection for small talk. Today the painter is both a duck hunter and a trout fisherman so that when he says, "I want a drink," he does so with such simplicity it is like a dog's bark. "TWANTA-DRINK!" When we have had some drinks, we begin to talk faster and faster with less and less simplicity, frequently interrupting one another.

The painter pours out his origins as an angler on the California streams, fish-

ing the Truckee with revered uncles and cousins. The pulmer days in the Golden State were good to anglers who wandered the great drainages from Sierra to Pacific. Now California has gone on to bigger stuff, helping our republic to really pour on the coals. Some of the trout the painter caught were heading for the sea. As a Midwestern angler, I feel the pinch conversationally, and so lay great emphasis on the native brook trout we tracked down in the swampy headwaters of our own cedary and painfully recalled streams.

The thing is this, my trout memories precede my actual sighting of a trout. They go way back to a time when, inflamed to angling by rock bass and perch, I read hunting and fishing magazines and settled upon the trout as the only fish worthy of my ability. Also the broadbill swordfish. I had examined the Rockwell Kent illustrations in my father's copy of *Moby Dick*. I didn't for the moment see what I could do about the white whale. Among my friends a rumor persisted of giant squid in the Humboldt Current that assaulted cabin cruisers and doused anglers with black ink before sinking a porpoise-like beak into their brain pans. Not even this enormity could compete with the trout for my attention, though putting the gaff to a wilderness of tentacles had its appeal for a bloodthirsty child. Finally, I fished for trout in ways other than my fantasy and for many rumorous years haunted Michigan's cheerful trout rivers. Now, here, the painter and I were loath to confess we'd moved family, bag and baggage, to Montana for the sake of, well, *not even a mammal*.

We walk back, one trying to outnumber the other. I can see the sun roosting deep in the aspens and spruce. Chickweed and wild roses flow down out of the forest carpet around the garden and up the sides of the compost heap. A sleeping bag floats on a clump of laurel, sunning out. You can walk in any direction of the compass from here and sooner or later you will run into a trout. And you see, at some point, that you will keep making that walk.

The Indian summer day ends with an edge; and during that night the temperature falls 40°. In the morning you squint out the kitchen door into a snowfield. The orchard looks like a corsage, and the poles in the coral are snow-capped in stillness. Trout season is over. **END**







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♦ **Yummy Billie Brown**, wife of John Y. Brown Jr., the president of Kentucky Fried Chicken—was named chairman of the board of the Kentucky Colonels, of which Mr. Brown is also part owner. Mrs. Brown immediately picked an all-woman board of directors. "I don't know much about basketball," said Mrs. Brown from the head of the table, "but John didn't know much about fried chicken when he started, either." The other board members are Billie Clair Kurlies, Faith Lyles, Mary Baird, Patsy Baker and Sosy Jenkins. They were selected, Mrs. Brown said, "because each has been elected president of her woman's organization," and because John likes them all. The Kentucky top brass is now being referred to around Louisville as the Chicken Colonels.

When **Lou Holtz** arrived at North Carolina State he took over a football team that had a 3-8 record in 1971, and went 8-3-1. So what does the newly crowned Coach of the Year of the Atlantic Coast Conference do on his vacation to celebrate? He goes to Liverpool, Ohio and runs the Mini-Mart grocery store for his in-laws so they can take a vacation. "I didn't leave the store for seven days," says Holtz. "Some of the fans wanted to talk football, but I had a job to do. I sold their groceries from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Three nights I ac-

cidentally set off the burglar alarm. Then the plumbing broke but my wife fixed it. We had a littering problem in the parking lot but I got my kids to clean it up. My biggest complaint was eating nothing but sandwiches all that time. Next year I'm taking my grill and cooking steak in the parking lot." Holtz says he is extremely happy to be back coaching football.

**Bill Lambell**, a Southern Cheyenne Indian and a University of Oklahoma sophomore, has received unpleasant threats. Certain persons object to his dressing up as an Indian costume and acting as Oklahoma yell-leader at football games this fall. "Several Indians on and off campus have told me that if I show up at Owen Field, I'd better be ready to pay for it," Lambell says. "I don't think that what I do is a sellout. I believe we can be proud that an Indian heads up the student body at football games."

There is already a small but growing body of statistics connected with **David Clyde**, the 18-year-old left-handed wunderkind of the Texas Rangers. Most of them demonstrate what he has accomplished on the mound, at the gate, and so forth. But his most impressive showing may have concerned a restaurant located near Arlington Stadium. On the night of Clyde's second start in the big leagues, the res-

taurant sold 800 pounds of barbecued spareribs, which is exactly 40% of a ton and twice as much as the 400 pounds of good rating sold on an ordinary night.

If it moves, it's worth stealing—or so it sometimes seems nowadays. **Nancy Leuby**, a former Canadian national champion, was attending church before leaving for this year's kayaking championships. When she entered the church, her \$550 Olympic kayak was firmly tied to the top of her car. When she came out, the kayak was gone, and so was her chance to compete.

♦ Generally a vehement proponent of gun control, Indiana Senator **Barb Bayh** made a bang with Hoosier muzzle-loaders last weekend. Having decided that antique weapons were all right, he competed in the 50-yard bench gun event at the Marion County Fish and Game Association Shoot. The Senator placed second with 49 out of a possible 50 points. And although he sponsors a bill that would outlaw small handguns, Bayh is proposing legislation that would exempt the black powder used for antique weapons from federal restrictions. On this issue, he will be muzzled.

Ex-quarterback, current clothes-horse, Cosell-teasing telecaster **Don Meredith** appeared in a serious new role—lecturer at a University of the Pacific 10-day course titled "Instant Replay: An Investigation Into Sport in Our Society." Invited to the university by Professor Lawrence Meredith—no relation—Dandy Don got no pay and picked up his own expenses. "I am concerned," he told his class, "that the joy of motor movement, body movement, in play and sport has diminished in favor of sitting and watching. I am concerned that a form of monop-

listic capitalism has dominated sport. I am concerned about the TV industry's impact. Some of it is frightening. It's a minor shock to listen to Bill Bradley in a New York Knicks team film as the camera pans to the crowd's expressions while he wonders if his real role is to provide an opiate for them." Meredith also foresaw a major athletic event on prime time TV every night of the week and noted, "I'm not sure if it's good or bad." Except on Mondays, of course.

**Karl Noonan**, 25, one of three original Miami Dolphins left on the NFL championship team, has retired, partly because he could make twice as much money at his other job, which is selling industrial real estate. "Football has become a hobby, an expensive hobby that interferes with my business," he said.





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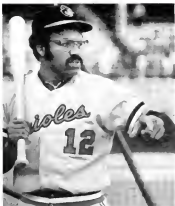
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THE BIRDS' most consistent hitter is Tommy Davis (left); their best sargeon Al Bumbry

## Doing the Oriole cha-cha

It has been two steps forward and then two back for erratic Baltimore, but with kids coming on and veterans steadying, the best may be up

Ornith Frank Cashen, the general manager of the Orioles, was sitting in the lobby of the Executive House in Chicago Saturday morning after the second game of a four-game series with the White Sox. "We are like a Latin American dance," Cashen said of his club. "Two steps forward, then two steps backward."

Starting their next-to-last Western trip of the season, the Orioles won the first game 4-3 in the eighth inning when Brooks Robinson leaped a single to center to score Bobby Grich from second. The next night the Orioles took a step backward when they blew a 2-0, two-out lead in the ninth inning with Dave McNally pitching. By the time Bob Reynolds and Eddie Watt had finished relieving, Chicago had come up with three runs, much to the joy of the self-proclaimed "Sox maniacs" in the left-field stands. Lo, then a staggering step forward in the third game as Jim Palmer and the Orioles lurched to a 3-4 win with

the White Sox scoring three menacing runs in the ninth. The Sox had the bases loaded with one out, but a double-play pitch by Reynolds stopped another slide over the abyss.

But, ah, Sunday brought another forward step, a 3-2 victory. For a club that has started, sputtered and started again all season long, the Orioles are in excellent position in the American League East. On Sunday night they were in third place, but had lost three games fewer than the first-place Yankees and one fewer than the Red Sox, a statistical situation that prompts Manager Earl Weaver to gloat, "We've got everybody in the loss column."

Weaver said the Oriole Western swing should tell a lot. "Boston and New York are at home, and we're playing against the teams with the better pitching," he explained. "We get Wilbur Wood here in Chicago, and then we go to the West Coast and get Catfish Hunter and Ken Holtzman in Oakland. Then we go down

to California to see Bill Singer and Nolan Ryan [who threw his second no-hitter of the year Sunday, striking out 17 Detroit Tigers] and maybe Rudy May. Now, that's tough. If we come home over 500, a couple of games over 500, that would be an accomplishment."

And there is light at the end of this tunnel, even if the Orioles are staggering as if blinded by it. "After the All-Star break," Weaver went on, "we have 21 games with Texas and Cleveland, the two clubs at the bottom of the league."

So the Orioles are getting ready to run away. "This team has a chance to be great," Weaver said. "I honestly expect us to win six pennants in the next 10 years, the talent seems like it's here. Guys like Bobby Grich, Don Baylor, Al Bumbry, who should come onto their own. We're young. Earl Williams just turned 25 years old. Then there's Powell, McNally, Cuellar and Robinson, who give us the right mixture to stay in contention while breaking the young fellows in. Grich, Baylor, Williams and Bumbry all have a chance to be the Most Valuable Player someday. It's a club that's going to explode like our '69 club that just pounded right through the league. It could explode tomorrow, it could be a month away, a year away." So ends the litany of optimism. But what about the Orioles today?

Against the White Sox last week, Baltimore was showing so-so pitching, fire speed of foot and resurgent hitting. The team has already stolen 83 bases, exceeding last year's total of 78, and is sure to break the club record of 97 set in 1963. Yet, as Weaver says, "Our hitting is the key." As of last week some of it was coming at long last. The most consistent hitter over the season has been Tommy Davis, two-time National League batting champion for the Dodgers before he broke an ankle. On Rochester's roster last winter, he was passed over by other major league clubs in the \$25,000 Triple A draft. Baltimore's designated hitter, Davis is batting .299. "I'm getting plenty of chances to bat," says Davis, who had seven hits in 14 at bats in four games against the White Sox. "And between at bats I try to keep my mind clear."

Centerfielder Paul Blair tries to put his



mind at ease while batting. Struck on the left side of his face by a fastball in 1970, Blair had been fearful of hitting against right-handed pitchers. He consulted Dr. Jacob Conn, a Baltimore psychiatrist specializing in hypnosis. Conn put him into a trance and gave him advice on how to relax. As a result of this Conn job, Blair says, "He has me completely relaxed now. He told me, 'You have the ability to get out of the way of the ball and go to the plate without worrying about it.' So now I just go with my natural abilities." Blair's average has jumped from .259 to .309 in a month.

Meanwhile Boog Powell, a notoriously slow starter who was also prevented by a bad shoulder in the early going from taking a full swing, has moved from .186 to .259. The major disappointment so far has been Earl Williams, the big catcher who was acquired from Atlanta to supply the long ball. True, although Williams is hitting only .229 he leads the Orioles in homers (12) and runs batted in (43), but Baltimore was expecting more. The thinking now is that a) Williams is "acclimating" himself to American League pitching or b) maybe he hit the way he did for the Braves because of the home-run potential of Atlanta's stadium.

Williams is not enthusiastic about discussing the subject. What is the difficulty? "The strike zone is different," he says with feeling. How different? "It varies from day to day." How does it vary? "Like I say, it varies." Are the pitchers different from those in the National League? "There are fewer fastballs and more breaking balls. In this league when the pitcher gets behind you he gets trickier." Pause. "I think I'm still struggling."

An irony of the Williams trade is that the much-esteemed pitcher, Pat Dobson, who went to Atlanta for Williams, has returned to the division race with the front-running Yankees. The Orioles could hardly have wanted that. But Weaver says, "It don't mean nothin' to us. You don't even think about it." Typical of the curious thinking that prevails in baseball, one Oriole, who requested anonymity, confided that Atlanta and not Baltimore was hurt by the Dobson deal. "The Braves gave up on his arm, but it's O.K.," he said.

On a genuinely optimistic note, the Orioles have a lot of faith in their rookies, notably Bumby, a 26-year-old left-

handed-hitting left fielder who has 13 stolen bases and six homers and shoved his average to .311 in the last month. Weaver says Bumby is capable of hitting .340 and stealing 50 bases a season. Bumby would like to oblige. An Army lieutenant in Vietnam, where he won two Bronze Stars, he is delighted at being a major league player, and he lets no opportunity pass to better himself. When Ryan struck him out three times in one game Bumby did not despair but analyzed the situation. "I have to be quick with my hands," he says.

Bumby is so fast about that he had found himself "running before I was hunting the ball." He talked to Davis and Tony Kubek and was advised that he had speed enough to hunt the ball to a certain area and then worry about running. It worked. On two occasions recently Bumby has gotten base hits on sacrifice attempts. Bumby is also the sort of a player who loves to rise to the occasion before a hostile crowd, especially fans who shout, "You've got him in your name!" He says, "That happened to me in Milwaukee. I was so eager the first time, I struck out. The second time I got a hit on a high chopper. I got four more hits, the last leading off the 12th inning, then scored the winning run. Instead of calling me hurt, people were saying, 'Man, you can really run!'"

Along with the rest of the Orioles Bumby is just waiting for the club to hit its stride. "It's a matter of being consistent," he says, "of putting it all together." When has a ballplayer ever said that before? But with Bumby, Davis, Powell and Blair hitting, Baltimore could make its move soon. The confidence is there. Says Shortstop Mark Belanger, "We're like Secretariat in the second turn."

## THE WEEK

(July 7-14)  
by JIM KAPLAN

**AL EAST** The All-Star break can't come too soon. During a restless week there were charges of beanballs and "roughed-up" balls, there were fights, ejections, angry players and furious managers. But nothing quite matched the flap at Milwaukee's County Stadium.

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vis a character named Bernie Brewer Dressed in Bavarian lederhosen, he slides down a chute into a fake beer stein every time Milwaukee Brewer homers. Harmless? Texas Manager Walter Herzog believed something else was brewing out there. En route to a doubleheader defeat, Herzog thought he saw someone helping Brewer, and the Brewers, with binoculars. Herzog swore that every time a Texas pitcher was about to throw a breaking ball, Brewer would clap with his white gloves. The "accomplice," working behind Brewer, was removed.

"Maybe we should put a giant Texas Ranger in our center-field bleachers," said Herzog. "Then every time he'd see a sign for a curve ball, he'd hire a gun." Brewer, whose real name is Dan McCarthy, protested, "It's really absurd. I played in the Little League and the Babe Ruth League, but I can't tell one sign from another."

The White Sox claimed New York's Fritz Peterson was scratching the baseballs when he beat them 2-1. Actually, Mel Stottlemyre and Bobby Murcer did the most damage to opponents as the Yankees bounced in and out of first, and in again Stottlemyre, who has allowed just one run, that unearned, in 27 innings. Won twice, Murcer hit three homers to account for all the scoring in a 5-0 win over Kansas City.

Boston, Detroit and Baltimore were close behind. Hub-fever rose about a 5-3 week that included a Luis Tiant two-hitter, and Detroit took five in a row as some of Billy Martin's better platooning paid off. Dick Sharon had four hits in a one-run win over Texas, and his alternate, Jim Northrup, drove in eight runs the next night.

Gaylord Perry said Cleveland's young players didn't hustle enough and young Rusty Torres said it was harder playing for a loser than a pennant contender, but then Dick Tidrow four-hit the Minnesota Twins and they looked better. "This is the club we saw in spring training," said Manager Ken Aspromonte. "Solid hitting, some pitching, aggressive base running." It all added up to a .500 week, cause for joy in Cleveland.

NY 51-42 BOST 47-40 BAL 40-30  
DET 48-43 MIL 44-45 CLEV 33-38

## AL WEST

Mike Andrews became the second Chicago player in two weeks to leave the club after a salary dispute (Rick Reichardt preceded him), and he was traded. Joe Kneight, the minor-league who replaced Andrews, was picked off second in one game and against the Orioles he grounded into a game-ending double play. Still, the Sox managed to split six consecutive one-run games and move into third when Wilbur Wood got back on track and pitched two complete-game victories.

California's Frank Robinson hit his 535th home run to reach sixth place on the all-time

list—ahead of Jimmy Fox, behind Mickey Mantle. And at 37 he was feeling so chipper he asked to be moved from designated hitter to the outfield. Indeed, a better Angel DH might be Richie Scheinblum, who had taken his good-hit, no-held reputation to Cincinnati from K.C. this year and returned to the American League a bust. Last week he won one Angel game with a homer, lost another with an error.

The Twins' Rod Carew (.349) is a near cinch to win his third batting title in five years, and five pitchers are going better than his teammate, 22-year-old Bert Blyleven, whose seven shutouts lead the league. But two men do not make a team—the Twins dropped six of eight. Kansas City stayed in second despite a losing week and a sad slugger in John Mayberry. "I don't think I'll ever hit another home run or drive in another run," moaned Mayberry, who leads the league with 20 and 89, respectively. His problem was getting a pitch; he walked nine times for a 1973 total of 77—another first.

Oakland finally survived a week at the top. Saves by Rolfe Fingers (ERA 1.39), Horacio Pina (2.70) and Darold Knowles (2.70) helped a great deal. When Manager Dick Williams was ejected for "an obscene gesture" and Vida Blue won, something like normality had convincingly returned to the champions. Texas was in last but encouraged by newcutter Jim Fregosi, nicknamed by the Mets, who homered to win a game.

OAK 50-40 KC 50-44 CLE 46-43  
CAL 48-43 MINN 42-43 TEX 36-47

## NL EAST

The Cubs lost four of five in their worst week to date and have played only .500 ball since June 1. So why are they still in first? Well, second-place St. Louis was 3-3 for the week. The Cards did not get a complete game or a homer until Saturday, when Alan Foster beat San Diego 5-3. Third-place Montreal allowed 55 runs and 75 hits, dropped five of seven and lost Shortstop Tim Lincecum for three weeks with a fractured jaw.

Pittsburgh was ruffling again. Pitcher Nelsie Briles beat San Diego 10-2 in perhaps the most satisfying Pirate game of the year. Everybody hit, including the pitcher, Del Maxwell, the fourth player the Pirates have tried at short, batted .700 and made one harmless error, and when little-used Luke Walker and Jim Rooker also won, Pittsburgh moved into fourth.

Greg Luzinski hit five homers in five games, one for 500 feet to clear the Veterans' Stadium scoreboard, but the best Philadelphia could do was win three of seven games. Said Manager Danny Dark of the Phillies, "They went into a deep sleep. If they're as tired as they look now, I'd hate to go into September trying to clinch a pennant."

The most absorbing Met news was a fan poll conducted by the *New York Post*. Of more than 4,000 responses, 1,648 said General Manager Bob Scheffing, who had traded away Nolan Ryan, should be ousted, 1,207 wished Chairman of the Board M. Donald Grant's departure and only 611 wanted to can Manager Yogi Berra. The Met players—who presumably did not vote—managed to win three of six.

CHI 50-40 ST. L 46-43 MONT 42-45  
PIT 41-45 PHIL 41-45 NY 38-48

## NL WEST

Even blasé Atlanta was beginning to gasp over Henry Aaron. After he hit homers .695 and .696 against New York, *The Atlanta Constitution* described Aaron's quest as "perhaps the greatest sports story of this age." For his part Aaron was helping his team in several ways. He gave a hitting tip to Paul Casanova, who homered to beat Philadelphia. Later Aaron hit No. 697, and the Braves' attack bristled with 21 hits in a 15-6 rout of Montreal. Dusty Baker hit .520 for the week.

Los Angeles rebounded smartly from a six-game losing streak, taking five of six. Don Sutton, Andy Messersmith and Tommy John won complete games while Willie Davis, angered over being left off the All-Star team, hit .770. "There's too much sentimentality involved," he fumed. "It's more or less a popularity contest."

San Francisco's Bobby Bonds, who also may not have enough votes to start in the NL outfield, convincingly could win the batting triple crown—and as a leadoff hitter. "Leading off, I come to bat more times and occasionally in the late innings when a pinch hitter replaces the pitcher, the leadoff spot becomes cleanup," he said. Just about everyone was clearing up on the Astros—at 17 consecutive games against losing teams they are 6-11. Pitcher Don Wilson lost his 10th during Houston's 5-4 week and charged into the Philadelphia stands after some brotherly love.

San Diego Manager Don Zimmer's book has some unusual pages. He let Pitcher Randy Jones bat with the bases loaded and the Padres trailing by one run in the sixth. Two innings later he had Dwan Anderson, a .136 hitter, lay down a suicide squeeze. Yet the moves worked (Jones stayed in to win and Anderson bunted well) and San Diego beat the Cubs 4-2. Cincinnati's Jack Bilyew threw a four-hitter and a two-hitter, the latter for his 13th win on Friday the 13th. With Roger Nelson, Gary Nolan and Joe Hagge returning from injuries after the All-Star break, there were omens of better days to come.

LA 58-34 SF 51-41 CIN 50-51  
HOUS 48-45 ATL 43-51 SD 31-50

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## Age is golden for this Life Master

No other player in the annals of bridge comes close to matching the remarkable record of Waldemar von Zedwitz of New York, who at the age of 77 recently added a third Eastern States Knockout Team championship to his glittering list of titles. In the course of a bridge career that spans half a century, beginning with auction tournaments in 1923, he has played and won with more different systems and more varied partners than anyone else in the game. To mention a few, there were Harold S. Vanderbilt, Fly Culbertson, P. Hul Sams, Eddie Van Vleck (the onetime Yale pitcher who turned bridge topsy-turvy with the idea of a weak opening two bid), S. Garton Churchill, the Four Aces (who introduced a number of principles still followed today) and two of whose members, Howard Schenken and

Oswald Jacoby, later presented methods of their own) and Tobias Stone, not to mention myself.

But adaptability is only one of many things of which von Zedwitz is justly proud. He brushes aside such claims to fame as the fact that he donated the only gold cup in American bridge competition—the von Zedwitz trophy for the Life Masters Pairs event, the 44th running of which will be an important feature of the Summer National championships beginning this weekend in Washington, D.C. What makes him happy is not only that he was the first to win the cup (with Sams) in 1930, but that many say he is playing at least as well—if not better—today, despite failing eyesight. He can, with difficulty, make out his own hand, but the cards in the dummy and each card played by the others at the table must often be called aloud.

In a less gifted man such a performance would be astonishing, but von Zedwitz' memory is extraordinary. He can recite the contract, the result and the spot cards in all four hands of virtually every noteworthy deal of his entire career. This one, for example, helped him to win a world title at the age of 74. His partner was Barbara Brier of Miami Beach, and their victory in the 1970 Olympiad Mixed Pairs in Stockholm also enabled the U.S. to capture the Charles Solomon Trophy for the top all-round performance by any country.

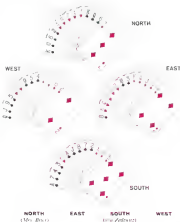
Playing in six clubs, von Zedwitz was able to overcome the bad spade break that defeats a slam (after a diamond lead) in that suit. He won the first trick with the ace of diamonds, ruffed a diamond in dummy and cashed the king of clubs. Next came the ace of hearts, a heart ruff and a second diamond ruff with dummy's queen of clubs.

Von Zedwitz had noted the fall of the jack on the second heart lead, so he returned to his hand safely with the ace of spades, and the fall of the spade 8 on that trick confirmed his suspicion of the distribution. Consequently, after drawing the remaining trumps, von Zedwitz led a spade toward dummy and when West put in the queen, von Zedwitz allowed him to hold the trick! Von Zedwitz then ruffed West's diamond exit with his last trump and took the proven finesse against the jack of spades to win the last two tricks with dummy's king-10 and bring home the slam.

Ducking West's queen of spades was the essential play. If declarer instead wins in dummy and comes to his hand by ruffing a heart, West can counter by discarding his 9 of spades. Now when a spade is led, West wins and has a good diamond to lead for the setting trick. But not against the old master.

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## Another test for boxing on the tube

Ray Lampkin had the style and the steps, but top-ranked lightweight contender Esteban DeJesus countered with power and persistence to take a tinselly title in the second of a new series of televised matches

Saturday's ABC *Fight of the Week* had been televised in Panama, it might well have convinced Roberto Duran, the lightweight champion of all of the world lying outside the boundaries of New York State, that he is wise to stay home.

Esteban DeJesus, the young, compact Puerto Rican who battered out a decision over Duran in a nontitle bout back in November, underlined his claim to a title fight with the champion by defeating Ray Lampkin in New York's Felt Forum before 2,871 customers, most of them Puerto Ricans constantly chanting, "HEY-zus! HEY-zus!" He won by a unanimous decision, with both judges and the referee awarding him the fight. Arthur Mercante, the referee, scored it 10-2, one judge had it 8-3-1 and the other 6-5-1. The last was closest to what happened. Although there can be no real quarrel with the decision, the bout was

close enough that, given other circumstances and a different milieu—say Lampkin's hometown, Portland, Ore—it conceivably could have been scored a draw.

This should come as no consolation to Duran, however. Duran is a charger and a swinger, a fighter who is willing to accept punishment in order to inflict it. Lampkin is a much more subtle, sophisticated boxer. Against Duran last fall, DeJesus looked flawless, since he is a sharp, accurate and extremely hard-hitting counterpuncher. Against Lampkin, a much less explosive but more complete fighter, DeJesus was not as effective.

It was primarily DeJesus' aggressiveness that won him this bout. Lampkin is certainly not as heavy a puncher as DeJesus; indeed, it seems doubtful that any other lightweight in the world can match DeJesus' firepower. Nor, for that matter, can many match his ability to take a

punch with no apparent ill effects. In this fight he took a lot more of them than did Lampkin. Time and again, DeJesus moved in on his opponent, flailing away with both hands. As DeJesus' rights whistled wide of the target, Lampkin would hit him in the belly with hard, looping left hooks, the blows landing with a soft, muffled boom. Normally, this kind of consistent body attack would slow a fighter in the late rounds. In this case the blows seemed only to reassure DeJesus that Lampkin could not seriously damage him; he was at his strongest and best in the last three rounds of the 12-round fight.

In his style, DeJesus is oddly reminiscent of a scaled-down Joe Frazier. He fights out of a modified crouch, bobbing and weaving and bouncing from one foot to the other just before launching one of his all-out attacks, which consist mostly of ripping hooks to the head.



INVADER AND EVADER: PUNCHER DeJESUS FIRES OFF A STIFF JAB AT ELUSIVE LAMPKIN

In the first fight between these two, last February in Puerto Rico, DeJesus had put Lampkin down with a smashing right in the first round and knocked him down twice more on the way to a unanimous decision. This time, quicker on his feet than DeJesus, Lampkin made sure to stay out of range during the early rounds. DeJesus, lunging after him, looked awkward when his sweeping hooks missed their mark. The Puerto Rican is no dance master; his preferred method of attack is moving straight ahead behind a steady drumming of those hooks. Against a Duran, who has much the same style, he is most effective, since he punches very quickly with both hands.

DeJesus' most effective blows in the early rounds against Lampkin came in flurries when Lampkin gave up his circling, jabbing tactics to move in and exchange punches. From the sixth round on, after he had been tagged with a brisk left hook that raised a lump under his right eyebrow, Lampkin was content to allow DeJesus to make the fight. And Lampkin's constant dancing from side to side finally told on his legs. In the last three rounds he was unable to avoid DeJesus' rushes as clearly as he had earlier. In the 12th, Lampkin caught the hardest punch of the bout, a booming left that landed flush on his cheek and sent him staggering sideways across the ring.

For his efforts DeJesus received \$10,000 and a belt emblematic of the American lightweight championship, a new title invented by Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner to lend some importance to the series of fights he has arranged for Saturday afternoon television. The belt, a gaudy affair with a buckle the size of a hubcap, looks like something Brenner found in a box of cereal. It is the fitting token of a trumphet-up title.

In his dressing room following the end of the fight, Lampkin was sure that he had won. He is a handsome man, with long sweeping sideburns and a thin Fu Manchu mustache, and his face was virtually unmarked save for the purplish-blue swelling distending his upper right eyelid.

"I guess they don't count body punches in New York," he said morosely. "I hit him in the belly anytime I wanted to, and nobody gave me credit for it. He nev-

er hurt me at all, even when he hit me in the last round. That was a good shot, but it didn't hurt me. I covered up because I know how he fights and I know he is going to be coming, but I wasn't hurt. I sure wish I could get him out of New York or Puerto Rico."

DeJesus, sitting quietly on a stool in a dressing room crowded with Puerto Rican well-wishers, was completely unmarked. His neat, rather round face was quiet, the puzzled frown he wears when fighting gone now as he happily fondled his championship belt. He speaks no English, and Gregorio Benitez, his manager, translated for him in a thick Caribbean accent.

"He was not easy this time," DeJesus said through Benitez. "He know I can hurt him had after what I do in Puerto Rico to him, so he run, run, run. He is hard man to catch, but I catch him enough. I think."

Benitez would like to have a title shot at Duran, but he is not about to go to Panama to get it. "Duran stay down there in Panama and he say 'You come see me here,' but we don't want to go there. Is no way anyone can beat Duran in Panama, and there is no sense to try it. Now we got championship of our own—he got to come to us. Nobody gon' go down there, so someday he got to come out and we'll be waiting."

"He is good, strong boy," continued Benitez proudly, looking across the room to where DeJesus was posing with his belt for a covey of photographers. "He is come from a very big family, maybe 18 people in it, so he work hard all his life and he work hard for me, too. He got his strength from working as a carpenter for his daddy. You notice he never get tired, even when he fight the way he did today, coming on all the time, throwing punches all the time. He been like that ever since he was amateur."

DeJesus fought 33 times as an amateur and lost only once. His only loss in 38 fights as a pro was in a featherweight title bout when Antonio Gomez dethroned him.

"We don't make much money on this fight," Benitez said, "but we take it because it is, how you call it, elefenteno, yes? We win this fight, then we gon' get fight with Buchanan, I think. Buchanan, Duran, it don't make no difference to us, we beat them. Then we get the big

money, maybe. Sixty thousand, maybe 75,000, Mr. Brenner say."

Since the New York State Boxing Commission has obligingly stripped Duran of its version of the lightweight championship, the stage is set for DeJesus to fight Buchanan in the Garden for the New York version of the world title sometime in September. Despite what Benitez says and despite Duran's dramatic victory over Buchanan last summer—DeJesus will find the tough, ring-wise Scot a much tougher opponent than either Duran or Lampkin—Buchanan's last fight was an impressive victory over Frankie Otero in Miami Beach in May. Otero is a fighter much like DeJesus, depending primarily on the speed of a relentless two-fisted attack for victory. Buchanan, a classic, economical boxer, stabbed Otero time and again with a long, hard left jab that sliced through Otero's defense as neatly as a foil. There is no reason to believe he will not be able to do the same thing to DeJesus.

The DeJesus-Lampkin fight was the second in ABC's new series designed to regain the audience the *Fight of the Week* enjoyed in the salad days of television. The first, a match for the junior lightweight championship of America between Sammy Goss and Jose E. Hernandez, was much more of a crowd pleaser than this one. Goss, a blocky, tough little man with the build of a weight lifter, is a non-stop puncher, and Hernandez fights in much the same style. There were more exciting rallies in that fight, which Goss won by a unanimous decision, than in this one.

But in at least one respect Brenner has been impeccable in choosing the fighters. He has been careful to select durable workmen who can take a punch. After all, no sponsor can cram many commercials into a one-round knock-out, and no sponsor would be content to gamble money on the residual audience that might remain to watch a program padded out with preliminaries.

In New York, the first fight of the series was the second-highest-rated television program in its time slot, outdrawn only by a New York Mets game. That is indeed an encouraging start for the revival of TV boxing on a regular basis. Still, it does not mean the ABC series is assured of long-term success. After all, the Mets are in last place.

END



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The driver was abed with an aching neck and the leggy gray colt looked unable to win. So off they went for the Cane Pace and . . .

## Then the Smog rolled in

Stanley Franklin Dancer is a millionaire New Jersey harness horseman with full, rich ambitions; he wants all the good horses he can possibly fit into his barns. And he did not feel he had enough. So all year long he had been bargaining for some of the country's best 3-year-old pacers, alas without success. Then came last Saturday night and Dancer discovered that he can stop shopping. There, right inside his very own stable, was a leggy, pollution-colored colt named Smog, who was plenty good enough. Smog, after having raced only five times as a 2-year-old, soaked away with the richest event he had ever been in, the \$100,000 Cane Pace.

If that was one racing irony, another was that Dancer was not even there to take part in the victory at Yonkers Raceway. Confined to bed with a recurring neck ailment, he had to listen to the race over the telephone as his brother Vernon drove the colt into the winner's circle. Still, it was a satisfying long-distance phone call. The Cane is the second leg of pacing's Triple Crown, just as pre-

tigious to standardbreds as the Preakness is to thoroughbreds.

Dancer has been in and out of hospitals periodically the last few years because of injuries suffered in a five-horse wreck at Yonkers almost two decades ago. He even has a hospital bed at home and spends several hours a day in traction. "He thought that if he couldn't drive, he could at least come to see the race," said brother Vernon, noting that Stanley had entered himself as the driver early in the week. "But he couldn't even do that. He really feels bad."

If it was any compensation, Duncan MacDonald, a retired Canadian lumberman whose Armbro Nesbit was the horse to beat in the Cane, felt pretty bad himself. He had wanted desperately to win in order "to show those guys who have been saying all those terrible things about my driving." But Vernon Dancer and Smog slipped through on the rail to beat him by three-quarters of a length in 1:58½. Nesbit, after setting a blazing pace through the entire race, tired in the stretch and drifted out just enough for

Dancer and Smog to roll on through.

The victory was something of a formal introduction for Smog. Although both Dancers had felt the colt was much improved lately—especially after he soundly beat seven older horses in a 2:00½ mile at Yonkers the previous week—Smog still was known to be often fussy at the gate and he went off at 5 to 1. And those who collected on him owe a lot to that sudden hole that opened.

"I suppose I should have tried harder to keep Nesbit up," said MacDonald, "but I was worrying about those horses on the outside of me."

MacDonald took on the training and driving of Armbro Nesbit last summer after a disagreement with his driver, Joe O'Brien, about the way O'Brien drove Fresh Yankee, MacDonald's millionaire training mare, in the International at Roosevelt. All season long MacDonald has endured horsemen's comments on his ability on the track.

"People talk about my driving all the time," he said before Saturday's race. "Some of them have said some pretty nasty things. But they all seem to be afraid of me and my colt, so I must be doing all right."

A week earlier MacDonald had done more than all right in a preview for the Cane. He and Nesbit led all the way in a 1:59½ victory over Johnny Chapman and Valiant Bret, who had won the Messenger, the first Triple Crown pace.

Since last August Nesbit has been sick off and on with a throat disorder, and even now he spends 15 minutes twice a day wearing a horse-sized oxygen mask over his nose as he breathes a concoction calculated to clear a scratchy throat. "He doesn't even seem to mind it any more," says MacDonald's 17-year-old son Gordon, who takes care of the colt. "I guess that's because it makes his throat feel a lot better."

Just before the race, as an all-girl drum and huckle corps was blasting out noisy entertainment on the track, the elder MacDonald was in the barns sipping an orange soda for his own parched throat and Armbro Nesbit was dozing in his stall. "Those guys aren't going to get me tonight," said MacDonald, who suspects other drivers are giving him something of a hard time on the track. "Nobody's going to hang me on the outside, like they've done before." He was referring specifically to a race in May when he was picked four wide and finished a frustrat-

ing eighth with Nesbit. Now, in the Cane, MacDonald had the No. 2 post, with Chapman and Valiant Bree in the No. 1 spot. "If Chapman wants to go, we'll go all right," MacDonald said. "I got a little better horse than he has. At least I think so. And we'll just get out ahead of him."

When the band toodled off the track and the race began, MacDonald did what he had promised: he and Nesbit roared from behind the gate like an Indy car. MacDonald took the lead just before the quarter pole and now was able to do some parking out of his own. Chapman's entrymate, Lucien Fontaine, with Good Time George, was kept outside until the half-mile mark, then faded, ending up last. Now Herve Filion with his Otaro Hanover came up to challenge, but he was never a serious threat, having pushed his horse too hard on the backstretch. Next Chapman and Valiant Bree slipped out to have a try at MacDonald, got nowhere, and finished third, a length back of Nesbit.

"I started to come out when Filion did—at the half," said Vernon Dancer. "But there wasn't any room, so I just got back in and sat there in third on the rail. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I noticed just before the three-quarter pole that MacDonald's horse was bearing out a little. The pace was tiring everybody. I figured if Nesbit hore out in the backstretch, he'd be drifting out in the stretch, too, and might leave a hole. And I was right."

When it was all over, Smog's owner, A. M. (Mac) Cuddy, a turkey farmer from Strathroy, Ont., allowed, "I didn't think you'd make it there for a minute, Vernon."

"Well," said Vernon, "it was the easiest trip in the world. I just sat there and when the hole opened up, I had enough horse to get through and beat him." He made it sound like even Stanley could have done it, aching neck and all.

Though he had lost the big one he so wanted to win, Duncan MacDonald drew a certain measure of reward: the

other drivers congratulated him on having such a fine horse—and no one said a word about his driving. Several horsemen even sympathized, "Duncan, there was no way you could help it."

The Cane establishes Smog as a new threat on the circuit. The principals will meet nearly every week until the final Triple Crown race, the Little Brown Jug, in late September at Delaware, Ohio. Waiting for them there will likely be Dick Baston and Faraway Bay, whom many of the Cane field followed around the track often as 2-year-olds last year. Faraway Bay has been slowly recovering from smoke inhalation suffered at a barn fire this winter, but should be in top form by Jug time.

So almost everybody left the Cane happy. MacDonald basked at last in the praise of his peers. Armbrus Nesbit went back to his oxygen mask. Smog went home knowing he would never be anonymous again. And back in New Jersey Stanley Dancer hung up the telephone and smiled. **END**

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Sunday morning at the Blue Anchor Hotel, Blindley Heath, Sussex. Pints and half-pints of brassy bitter ale are swiftly and professionally sloshed up onto the bar for the inhabitants of this comfortable, middle-class, mock-Tudor, mock-Georgian village on the London-Brighton road (not quite suburban, not quite country), who then set off for their roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and folding of the hands in sleep.

A Sunday nap is not on the program for all of us, though. Not for Christine and Peter, Sylvia and Freddie, Ruth and Geoffrey, to mention but a few. Look carefully at the cars parked outside the pub, gleaming after their ritual Sunday morning wash. From a dozen of them, long doggy faces glower impatiently through the rear windows. And here's Mike opening up the old TR 6 to be instantly smothered by six feet—up to tip—of Afghan hound with a tongue as big and wet as a house painter's brush.

"Down, Bentley! Down, sir! Down, you great hairy booby!" Mike's tone is concerned. "He'll be all flaked out by the time the racing starts," Mike explains. "Very, very nervous dog. But he's stopped eating cars now. We called him Bentley after he'd gobbled up the back seat of one. Very nice old vintage 1938 model it was, too."

Not many of the Afghans that are soon cavorting around their loving owners have such cory names as Bentley. The dogs are called Khyber or Kaftan or Khan; the bitches run to slinky names like Lela or Tiger Doll. All are strikingly beautiful with the huge liquid eyes of the sight hounds and long legs that seem clad in elegant pajamas of soft, fluffy fur. No wonder models choose Afghans to totter along Bond Street with models and Afghans have the same slightly dotty-looking style about them.

It is not a good idea, though, to mention this to serious girls like Christine, Ruth and Sylvia. To them Afghans are still the princely hounds that hunted the snow leopards of the High Pamirs ahead of the horsemen of Genghis Khan, and most certainly not elegant, live fashion accessories. The girls can discourse knowledgeably about the desirable length of an Afghan's shoulder blade and the right degree of tail-feathering but above all they, and male Afghan worshippers as well, have this romantic view

of the breed. Their thinking is echoed by the Afghan Hound Association magazine, *Track Afghan*, which recently advised readers that it was organizing a Land Rover safari to Afghanistan "for the adventurous and fairly hardy" that might well provide sightings of Afghans in their natural habitat. It even published a somewhat hazy picture of an Afghan-like beast taken by an adventurous member who had pioneered the trail last year. The picture would have been better, the article said, had this member's teleopic lens not been ficked by a tribesman.

Grooming dogs for the show ring hardly could have satisfied the obsession of such Afghan fanciers and so, since there have never been any confirmed sightings of snow leopards in the hills of Surrey, another outlet that would give expression to the hunting instinct of the breed, its bounding speed and its great powers of endurance, had to be found.

The outlet turned out to be racing. Afghans do not have the speed of greyhounds over a short distance—roughly speaking they can get up to maybe 75% of the greyhound's pace—but they have much more staying power. Traditionally they were hunted in pairs, being carried on horseback until a leopard was sighted and then released to pursue it over

## On, Khyber! On, Khan! On, Kaftan!

**An Afghan race meeting is full of fun, frolic and suspense—perhaps**

miles of broken, rocky ground. Thus normal greyhound racing tracks, which provide for distances up to not much more than 700 yards, are not ideal for Afghans. But they are the only tracks available in Britain at the moment.

There is another difference, too, between racing greyhounds and Afghans. Members of the AHA shy away from the idea of betting like a snow leopard takes to its heels before a host of Turtars.

"This is just an extra activity for members," says David Paton, the society's secretary. "No bets. No bookies. We try to keep away from that sort of element."

And indeed the Surrey meeting this

continued



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Sunday proves to have all the characteristics of lily-white amateurism in a rather endearing style. The track, comfortably near the Blue Anchor, is about as basic as it can be—a training site that greyhound owners utilize for a dollar a session. And it does not look as if it will be there much longer. Half-built houses fringe it; cement mixers and other construction paraphernalia lie around.

But until the facility finally disappears under exurban sprawl, the Afghan Club will hold fortnightly meetings there. And with their pride soaring, lucky owners will step up for their green, yellow, blue and red stars. A run of 34 seconds over 400 yards gets you a green standard and so you progress in orderly fashion to red, which is 31.5 seconds. There are no material rewards other than the colored certificates.

There is no program for the meeting, either, or race cards. Owners enter on the spot and event succeeds event with astonishing rapidity, it being unnecessary to allow time for the placing of bets. From a rickety wooden tower a man with a stopwatch checks times. You have to go up there to discover if your hound has made his star or not. If he has, you draw your certificate without ceremony from the secretary who sits at a wooden table set up on the grass.

Only the most sophisticated dogs use the traps for the start. In most races the Afghans are held on sipleads and the owners, crouching by them, have to release them as the mechanical snow leopard warms up and the starter's hand comes down. "They're off!" Well, maybe some of them are. Others just want to sit. There is a joyful lack of discipline about Afghans that makes it clear in a very short while that they will never be a serious threat to greyhounds. Take race No. 5, for instance, which was typical of most. There were six starters, to one of which that description can hardly apply since he sat where he was and licked happily at his mistress' face as the rest of the field took off. "Silly boy," she crooned. "Only came here for a fight or a bit of a tuggle, didn't you?"

So then there were five and swiftly after that there were three, two of the hounds deciding that a good old-fashioned roll and tumble in the cinders was a better way of passing the time.

Three woolly Afghans racing down the track. A sudden whim seized one and he came ambling back. . . .



This left two, one of which, on the last bend, cleared the wire with a mighty bound to challenge a couple of greyhound pups that were securely fenced in a nearby run. It took half an hour for his lady owner to get him back.

Meanwhile, though only one runner remained, there was still plenty of tension in the race. Would he finish the course or succumb to an overwhelming attack of boredom? ("They are more like cats than dogs, really," Christine had said earlier. "They make me feel foolish at times. You want one to do something and you can see the answer all over his long face. 'No, I'm an Afghan,' he's saying. 'You can't make me!'")

This one stayed keen, though, and better than keen because he flashed past the finish and would have gone right around again had he not decided to join in the interesting fracas between dogs 2 and 3 that was still in progress a hundred yards up the track.

It wasn't all like this, of course. The veteran blue stars and red stars mostly got away from the traps, and fighting was minimal in the races in which they were featured. And the shapelessness of the sport was explained away as being symptomatic of the beginning of the season. By October, it was reckoned, there would be far more discipline, far more exciting competition.

But racing Afghans, it seems to an outsider, needs a setting other than a seedy greyhound training track. Longer distances are an obvious necessity. If it were possible to organize a cross-country race it would bring out the special capabilities of the breed in a way that is impossible in flat, neat, green Surrey with the 747s lumbering into Gatwick Airport every two or three minutes from Spain or Majorca.

As the early summer light fades, though, the crowd is still urging Khan and Khyber and Kaftan after the mechanical leopard. All too soon owners and dogs will be carbound, links in a winking chain of headlights bound for East Grinstead, or Godalming, or Oxted or some other town used mainly for sleeping—as far away, in every sense, as you can get from the snows of Kohistan and Badakshan. But not entirely unexotic, so long as Freddie and Ruth and Christine and the rest groom their beautiful, crazy-looking hounds and dream of their blue stars and snow leopards and the far-off peaks above Kabul. **END**



The fishing is best  
when it's early.

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# To Capture Moments and Majesty

*In one fell swoop, the camera can record the splendor and savagery of nature and draw man's attention to the fabric of the world*

by Bil Gilbert

Nature is what is—all the things and forces existing at a given time. A ton of iron extracted from the earth, refined, shaped into an I beam and woven into the skeleton of a high-rise apartment building is no more or less a natural wonder than a badlands butte. Yet in practice, Nature with the big N—the thing so many want to love, protect and be uplifted by these days—is only a phenomenon manufactured and defined by man. From an almost infinite number of possibilities we have selected a handful and declared them to be nature. For example, the whooping crane, though almost extinct and living as a ward of man, has come to be a kind of shorthand symbol for nature. The cockroach, on the other hand, which is more than holding its own in competition with man, is a wild and independent animal, but it is seldom admired by nature lovers or even commonly associated with nature.

There is no objective standard for determining what is part of nature, but nearly everyone has strong subjective feelings *continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB ARISTON

about what is nature and what by implication is unnatural. We feel as we do because we have accepted the word of style-dictating authorities on the subject. Early New England poets and essayists, who thought highly of lonely seascapes, bosky glades, clear brooks and shy woodland beasts, got in some heavy licks in this area. A variety of 19th- and 20th-century artists and writers—Wilson, Audubon, Bodmer, Catlin, Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, Seton, Krutch—wandered about the continent and came back to tell us what was instructive, beautiful and rare in nature. Artists and writers of this sort are still with us, but to a considerable degree they have been superseded as arbiters of nature fashion by photographers.

In much more glorious color, more intimate detail and more dramatic action, the best nature photographers have captured for us things their predecessors could not. In fact, the photographers have often propagandized for nature, shown it to be more attractive and charming than most people have observed it or imagined it to be. This is not to say that, with the exception of an occasional tranquilized beast, posed corpse or transplanted flower, the photographers have manufactured nature. It is just that with their artist's eye and sophisticated equipment they have lighted, composed and stopped nature at its best—at least from the viewpoint of conventional esthetics. Also, being professionals, they have had the time to develop field techniques for

finding the most interesting subjects—say the female raccoon followed by three cubs foraging along a clear stream against a background of rhododendron, the kind of thing that the majority of us no longer have the opportunity or the skill to experience personally.

The photographers have done more than simply satisfy our appetite for coffee-table books or full-color magazine spreads. They have helped create this appetite, giving us a new awareness of the true majesty of nature and fostering in us a desire to conserve and protect it. Today large numbers of citizens are passionately interested in saving beauty spots, wildernesses and wildlife. But many of them never will see the objects of their concern. These things, their desirability emphasized, have only been witnessed through the lens of the photographer's camera. In a certain sense—and no cynicism is intended—the object of many conservation battles is not to keep the raccoons out of nature but out of nature photographs.

To the extent that they define what is beautiful and worthy of preservation, the photographers are opinion makers of considerable influence. The principles and prejudices of the most influential of these men may be as important to society as those of the average advertising executive, television commentator or politician.

Here are the thoughts and seldom-expressed philosophies of three of America's distinguished nature photographers.

## Doug Faulkner

As a profession, nature photography enjoys a good reputation these days, particularly among restless youth. All across the land, riding their thumbs, marking time on irrelevant campuses, rapping in youth bistros, there are ponytailed young men and women who—along with a set of tie-dyes and a guitar—own a Nikon, Leica or Rollei. An inordinate number of them say they intend to become nature photographers once they get everything together. On the surface, it would seem to be a calling that permits a groovy life-style. It appears that the nature photographer is free of the restrictions that mar many other vocations and make them grubby. He roams freely about the pleasanter parts of the countryside. (Nature is everywhere, or at least everywhere that man is not much in evidence.) He is an artist, so he can enjoy the pleasures of self-expression, yet the feeling is that taking these pictures does not require special talent or arduous training. The photographer has no visible bosses telling him what to do and when to do it, and he does not have to hassle with people to do his thing. Being a nature photographer has the same kind of appeal for the young today as being a foreign correspondent had for their counterparts in the 1930s.



Doug Faulkner is a short, muscular, well-barbered man of 35 who lives in a home with a patio and landscaped garden in the affluent bedroom community of Summit, N.J. However, in many other respects Faulkner leads the kind of life that romantically inclined, would-be nature photographers dream of. He is one of the best at underwater nature photography. He has established his reputation in what would seem to be a most delightful way. For more than 10 years he has circled the world taking photographs of things that strike him as magnificent, curious or instructive. Since 1962 he has worked in Mexico, all the Central American countries, Peru, Ecuador, New Caledonia, Fiji, Palau, Bali, Ceylon, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Israel, Australia, Portugal, Japan, Kenya, Ethiopia and Scotland.

On this spring evening Faulkner is in his Summit study, shuffling through a pile of photographic and diving gear. He is in the process of packing to leave for the Galapagos Islands where he will spend two weeks photographing marine life for *Audubon* magazine. Another mound of shipping crates and cartons litters the hallway. These boxes are awaiting shipment to Palau; Faulkner will go there after the Galapagos. The photographer moves about the house restively, like a bird of passage, attempting to explain himself and his work.

"At heart, I guess I'm a kind of romantic—restless, looking for things as I want them to be," he says. "I've been that way a long time. When I was in school I was unhappy. I was a bad student and had trouble getting along with people. I was constantly in fights, always beating on somebody or getting beaten. I suppose in a way it was temperament that shoved me first to the sea and then into marine biology and photography. I don't think I could have been happy or have made it the way most people do. Under water I didn't have to protect or defend myself or hassle with other people. I was in a place where I never seemed to see anything ugly and where much of what I did see appeared peaceful, unspoiled, and where I didn't have to force anything."

And what is a man who so values nature and tranquility doing living in Summit, N.J. in the middle of the biggest, most hassling, competitive megalopolis in the world? "Well," says Faulkner lamely, "my wife and I came from here and her father still lives here. It is close to New York

and the editors and art directors and publishers. It is just convenience and habit mostly. It's certainly not my favorite place." ("Summit is just Doug's mailing address," his wife Sally has said.)

In addition to underwater scenes, Faulkner's other abiding professional interest and specialty has been the portraiture of primitive people. "I was strongly influenced by Edward Sieschen's Family of Man exhibit and I wanted to and still want to make studies of that kind." It is a peculiar interest for someone who went into the marine wilderness to escape man and his works. "It's a different thing," explains Faulkner. "I see faces in Morocco, Peru and the islands that are part of nature, in harmony with it. They are marked by living and show they have learned from life." Would not a Summit, N.J. supermarket be a good place to look for faces marked by life? "I suppose so," admits Faulkner, "but they don't appeal to me. I see faces around here that have been defeated by life, are at cross-purposes with nature. They seem ugly." *continued*

*A cluster of clown fish swims above an anemone off Australia's Great Barrier Reef.*



"Actually, I haven't had a whole lot of success publishing this type of portraiture. It doesn't seem to appeal to editors much anymore, but it appeals to me and one day when I have shot some more portraits I want to present this facet of my work in a book."

Whatever disappointments he may have suffered as a chronicler of faces, Faulkner has made up for them by the success of his marine studies. His underwater photographs have appeared in publications around the world. His work has been displayed in the New England Aquarium, the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Aquarium, and the Smithsonian in Washington.

"I came along at a good time," he says, "what with the new interest in all phases of nature. Also underwater photography was weak. In the beginning, any sort of photograph made under water was a novelty item. It could be badly composed, badly lighted—all those kind of blue tints you used to see—and it could be unnatural in terms of the environment, some frightened fish driven out of its customary habitat, but just because it was taken under water it would be published."

"People have the notion that underwater photography is an intricate technical exercise. It isn't. In some ways it is easier than working above water. The light is more constant. I use just one camera, a Rollei, and some flash lighting equipment. The big thing is not equipment; it is knowing and having a feeling for the habitat."

"I go out and start working along a reef. I look for things that I think are beautiful and that seem to illustrate a feature of underwater life. I try with light and composition to dramatize the elements that interest me. I want the same thing under water that any photographer wants no matter where he is working—to take photographs that somehow sing. If it doesn't sing, it is a bad photo, whether it is taken under water or in a supermarket. There is no point in trying to explain photographs. You have to look at them. I explain myself with a camera, not with words."

Faulkner rolls down a screen in his study, moves aside the Galápagos gear, sets up a projector and loads it with a tray of 50 transparencies. "There is no point in trying to be coy. I've taken a lot of things that I'm not proud of, that I never show or I've thrown away. These are the best, culled out of 10 years of work."

As Faulkner says, attempting to describe something that is made to be seen is a frustrating and largely futile exercise. However, what might be called the theme of Faulkner's work is a kind of exotic impressionism. If he were a word man rather than a photo man, he might be compared to William Blake. Rather than a "Tiger, tiger, burning bright/ In the forests of the night," Faulkner offers great sharks burning ghostly in the depths of the sea, flamboyant patterns of coral, tropical fish in patterned schools that are so glaringly colorful as to silence a man.

"I'm glad that people like the things I like well enough to pay to see them," Faulkner says. Are those who pay to look at Faulkner's dramatic work taking from it a kind of vicarious escape? "I suppose going all the places I have, doing the work I have, has given me a certain kind of escape. Maybe some of my photographs pass that sense along to people who will never see what I have seen. If they do, there is nothing wrong with that. In fact, it might be a good thing."

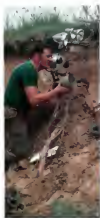
## Ron Austing

A year ago Ron Austing accepted an assignment from *Audubon* to go to Bathurst Inlet near the Arctic Circle to photograph nesting peregrines, the legendary hunters. The trip was a success. Austing found two pair of peregrines nesting on outcroppings in the Arctic plains. He brought back a magnificent set of photographs in which the hawks, down to the smallest feather, to the glint of light on the golden lores, are portrayed with such startling reality that the paper birds seem to be gathering themselves to swoop down out of the frames.

Austing was asked to return to the Arctic to take more photos, but he turned down the job. "It was an interesting place, but I have too much to do here to go back this year," he says. Austing is a large, easy-moving man who talks slowly, often shifting a cigar in his mouth. "I travel now and then, but it doesn't mean much to me, it's not that necessary. To do the kind of work I do [meticulously accurate studies that portray the birds of the Central Midwest and their behavior], the important thing, much more important than clicking the shutter, is being familiar with the habitat of the species, even the idiosyncrasies of individual birds. When most people travel, they go as tourists. They can take pretty pictures, even dramatic ones, but there is a danger that what they get will be superficial because they don't fully understand or appreciate the habitat in which their subject is living. I know the country around here pretty well. I never run out of subject material. The better I get to know it, the more things I find that interest me. There is enough here to keep me as busy as I want to be and I don't feel the necessity to travel to look for subject material."

Here, for Austing, is the Miami-Whitewater Forest Park, 25 miles west of Cincinnati. A county-operated facility, it comprises several thousand acres of bottomland, hillside, woodlots, sanctuary and recreational facilities. Austing is the park's assistant chief law enforcement officer and photographer; he lives in the middle of the preserve in a rambling farmhouse, surrounded by his family of seven and a menagerie of wounded and orphaned animals—a pair of fledgling great horned owls and a few red-tailed hawks.

Austing and Faulkner are very different individuals and very different types of nature photographers. Faulkner is restless and hyperactive. Austing conveys an aura





*Belted kingfisher brings food to its riverbank nest; below, ruby-throated hummingbird.*

of patience and calmness. During the last decade, while Faulkner has been photographing in 30 different countries, a continuing project of Austing's (one that interests him far more than another trip to the Arctic) has been making a series of photographs showing the nesting behavior of the belted kingfisher. The kingfisher is a common bird, especially along the creeks and ponds near Austing's home. Though it is in evidence at other times, the bird is a secretive nester, laying its eggs, hatching and rearing its chicks in riverbank burrows. Austing has been trying to get his camera into one of these burrows without disturbing the birds or forcing them to abandon their nest. He is still not satisfied with the results.

Doug Faulkner says he wants his pictures to sing and the best ones do, often like a romantic ballad, occasionally like hard, exotic rock. Austing should be thought of more as an essayist. His photos give the impression of being statements of natural fact about the character and actions of his subject. It is as if he said about one of his most memorable photographs (pages 72-73), "This is a saw-whet owl. This is a deer mouse. They are shown meeting in what is a moment of truth for them both."

"People ask me about my favorite shots," says Austing. "One of them is a very simple scene, a wild cottontail rabbit nursing a litter of young. I like it because it strikes me as

a technically good photograph in an artistic way, and it shows an essential act in the life of the cottontail. Also, to be honest, I like it because I don't think anyone else has ever been able to photograph a wild rabbit nursing. That I caught something nobody else has been able to satisfies my hunting and competitive instincts.

"When I was a kid I was a real hunter. I grew up a few miles from here and lived with a rod or gun in my hand, but I remember the day I stopped hunting. I had bought a good scope and thought I'd be a big squirrel hunter. I went out and killed three squirrels with just three shots. Then with the next one I was off a little bit and I hit the squirrel in the stomach. He ran through the underbrush squealing, stepping on his entrails. I thought, what kind of a man am I? I don't need to do things like







## Majesty continued

that to enjoy myself. I haven't hunted for fun since. But what I do with a camera is just another kind of hunting. It reflects our primitive predatory urges.

"For 20 years this place has been a kind of laboratory for me, one where I could stay in touch with individual animals and accumulate information about them over a relatively long period. Lately I've spent a lot of time studying some woodcocks in a plot in the park. As far as I am concerned, the actual photography is just the end result of a much longer process, getting to know the subject. The photo is the trophy you bring back from your hunt, which is your field study. As far as photographic techniques go, I keep trying to simplify mine because I don't want to get equipment-bound. I see some shots photographically that are good but they leave me cold because the animal has been harassed, posed, taken out of its natural context. I think to succeed a photo has to be good technically—proper exposure, setting, etc.—but it also should illustrate the natural character of the animal, suggest his niche in the environment. You can't do those things unless you know something about a subject, really a good deal about its existence.

"There is another practical reason why this job at the

park suits me. I suppose I could earn my living just with wildlife photography. [Austing, like Faulkner, is regarded as one of the very best in his field. His work has been published in books and periodicals both here and abroad.] But if I did, I might feel the pressure to photograph more and spend less time in field study. I might find myself in the position where I was taking assignments without having enough background information. This way, though, I may not have a camera in my hand, all the time I am working in the park, out on patrol, I'm seeing things, learning things that apply to the final photographs. The main advantage is that I don't have to sell or show garbage shots just to make a living."

Besides providing Austing with an opportunity to live in a style he enjoys and to do work in which he can take pride, what, if anything, does the professional wildlife photographer contribute to society? "I don't really think of it in that way. If you want to make a case out of it, you could say that most people have an interest in wildlife, but few have much opportunity to satisfy it. If I can show them with a certain amount of artistic insight things they could not otherwise see, then I suppose I have given them pleasure."

## Bill Ratcliffe

*Audubon* magazine has become the showcase for the works of the nature photographers. With increasing space devoted to finely reproduced color studies, the magazine has become a kind of periodical portfolio displaying the best in this type of art. The photographs of Faulkner and Austing appear regularly in the magazine, and they have helped create its reputation. Another contributor is Bill Ratcliffe. "I think," says Ann Guilfoyle, the *Audubon* picture editor, "that more than any other photographer, Ratcliffe has helped to set what might be called the current *Audubon* style, even though his work is very original and cannot really be compared to anyone else's. He does still lifes, working in close on almost anything—a single blossom, a piece of wood, a rock. He has shown that the good nature photograph is more than an illustration or a record of some scene or creature, that it is a kind of independent art form."

Approaching 50, Ratcliffe is a slight, excessively diffident, subdued man. "Crums," or a variation thereof, is his favorite expletive. He lives in a neat suburban house in the middle of a development on the outskirts of Orem, Utah. Except for military service during World War II, he has made his home around Orem most of his life. For some years he worked as an airplane mechanic at a private field in the area, and now he is employed at a federal proving ground near Salt Lake City. He is no world traveler. "I've been trying to get over to the California coast for years,"



he says. "There are some things there I think I'd like to work with." Nor is he a hunter, stalker or scientific observer of nature in the manner of Ron Austing. "I've roamed about the deserts and mountains ever since I was a boy, and so naturally I know the names of a few plants and animals and a good bit about them, but I never went to school and I didn't have any formal training. Crums, maybe I'm just not smart enough to be a real researcher."

Despite appearances and disclaimers, Ratcliffe is regarded by his peers as a superb craftsman-artist. Nature photography buffs speak of a "Ratcliffe kind of shot" to describe a special style that Ratcliffe has developed. He has earned the process of simplification—of viewpoint, subject matter and technique—to what very nearly must be its ultimate conclusion. For this reason, his professional evolution can best be understood in terms of what he has discarded over 20 years as a photographer.

After returning home from World War II, Ratcliffe became active in the Boy Scouts, and as a scouting project made a short movie about waterfowl. "It wasn't too bad considering what I had to work with and how little I knew about what I was doing," he says. The movie was good enough to catch the eye of and impress the Walt Disney organization when it had a crew on location in Utah filming one of its first full-length nature works. Ratcliffe was hired as a cameraman for Disney in Utah.

"It was interesting," he says, "and I learned a good lot, but when they left I had no desire to stay with the business. It was a little hectic and contrived. So I got a continued

*Clockwise from upper left: frost-covered willow leaves, ice crystals, fishhook cactus, wind-furrowed dune*



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## Majesty

4 x 5 view camera, the same one I'm still using, and started shooting color stills. I liked that better, and eventually I began to sell some scenic and wildlife pictures to magazines."

On the wall of Ratcliffe's basement office hangs a photograph of a black-footed ferret, one of the rarest of all North American mammals. Ratcliffe's scenes of the Great Basin, the desert, the Arizona canyon country and the Rockies would satisfy most photographers, as they have editors of some of the thickest publications who have used them to illustrate the grandeur of the West. Despite considerable success with it, Ratcliffe is vaguely apologetic about this phase of his work.

"I still do some wildlife and scenes, but not frequently anymore, and I don't think of them as my specialty. As a practical thing, they take a lot of time, waiting for the right moment, the right kind of light, and somehow they don't quite do much for me. Don't ask me why. I really can't explain it. I've just started working closer and closer to subjects. I always seem to be trying to isolate detail, get more inside of things. You could say that I've become more and more interested in the forms and textures of the things that I see."

Ratcliffe's photos probably cannot be explained any better or more simply than that. Moving in tightly, using natural light to achieve a kind of luminescent quality, he now works with what might be called commonplace objects of nature, creating abstract studies of the form and fabric of lichens, ice crystals, seeds, wind-blown wood, insect-eaten leaves. A peculiarity, a kind of signature to Ratcliffe's photographs, is that without captions it often is difficult to place many of them in terms of time and space. An ice crystal is much the same in Utah as it is in Ohio or New Jersey, or for that matter inside a kitchen freezer. In fact, given his preoccupation with abstract form and texture, it might seem that there was no need for Ratcliffe even to bother with tramping about the hush looking for subjects. There are presumably a multitude of interesting subjects to be found in the Orem municipal sanitary landfill. "Yes," Ratcliffe says, "there are interesting things everywhere, but I enjoy being by myself, working outside in wild places, so that's where I look for subjects. I

(continued)

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There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

# "Good-bye NICK"

My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me 'Nick'. There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda.

Nick, he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-raunder. Instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."

On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Technomatic" razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave. I bought a Gillette Technomatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there."



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wouldn't get much pleasure working at the dump.

"Sometimes I'll start out for a place some distance away, say the Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado or a canyon in Arizona. I may get only 40 miles from here and find something I like along the road and spend my weekend working with it, trying to find the right way to show it. Like this..." Ratcliffe places a transparency on the light table in his workroom. It is a picture of a cluster of icicles, sprouting from a ledge and colored orange by mineralized waters. "I saw these last winter and I have decided I want to try to make a sequence on icicles. It just started me thinking about them. Now I have to wait until I see some more ice that I like."

"Sometimes people ask me to lecture at a school or a photo workshop. Students wonder where they can find subject material. I tell them, 'Crumbs, there are good subjects everywhere.' I tell them I'll give them a wonderful subject for a photographic essay, one that I've been working on for years. I say go out and take pictures of the wind. They give me blank looks."

Ratcliffe takes out another set of transparencies and displays them—a pine on a mountain ridge permanently bent and distorted by the wind; coyote tracks on a red dune, partially filled in by drifting sand; a piece of the skeleton of a cholla cactus scoured by the wind. "The central point of interest is not the plant or the sign or the sand or the scrub. It is the force of the wind. Maybe these are pictures of the wind."

It is an effective and thought-provoking demonstration. This shy man has turned inward, away from the dramatic objects of nature—the shark, the hawk. He seems to be groping toward a way of seeing, abstracting, transferring to film for others to perceive, the absolutely elemental forces—wind, sun, frost, even time. At his most effective, Ratcliffe injects a remarkable dynamism—the sense of a constantly changing nature—into his ostensibly still-life studies.

"About 99% of what I see strikes me as beautiful," he says. "The best I can say is that I am trying to show these beautiful things that people might never stop to notice. I think maybe we are better off if we have a sense that there are beautiful things everywhere around us."

END



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## Far-out Trip in a Model Z

A brisk, sharp wind was blowing from the southeast, and along the vast stretch of wide, sandy Dutch beach trundled an unwieldy contraption of stout oak beams held together by wooden dowels and iron braces. Above it two huge sails billowed forward from sturdy ash masts, and inside sat 26 amazed and slightly terrified passengers gripping their seats as the sand dunes rushed by them at unimaginable speed.

The year was 1600 and the intrepid voyagers were risking their lives in a most novel vehicle, a *zeilwagen*—what we would call a sand yacht. Their 54-mile trip took two hours, at an average speed greater than man had ever achieved on wheels. In fact the speed of the *zeilwagen* would not be bettered until the development of the steam locomotive 250 years later.

The builder of the machine was Simon Stevin, a 52-year-old native of Bruges. Stevin was a Renaissance man of restless energy and inquiring mind whose studies of hydrostatics contributed much to the Dutch expertise in reclaiming land from the sea and, having reclaimed it, keeping the water pumped out of it. He set out a logical musical scale divided into 12 exact semitones, anticipating Bach by a century. He was also responsible for the earliest truth-in-lending measure. In his day, bankers kept the details of interest tables a dark and profitable secret, but Stevin worked up a chart showing just how much the interest would be each year on a thousand-guilder loan. He wrote treatises on plain and spherical trigonometry and the theories of perspective, and in his spare time he settled such interesting little questions as which of two carpenters was carrying the heavier part of a burden suspended between them.

Stevin was highly regarded by The Netherlands government, and among his many responsibilities was the tutoring of Maurice, Prince of Orange, second son

of William the Silent. Later, when Maurice reached manhood, Stevin became his scientific adviser, and it was in that capacity that he began attending to accounts from China of that country's many ingenious inventions. These included wheelbarrows assisted by sails, and "coches and wagons" propelled by sail, "made with such industrie and police that they doe governe them with great ease." (Egyptologists believe a land yacht seven feet in length was used west of the Nile as long ago as 1800 B.C.) In any case, it seems appropriate that the Dutch, a wind-oriented nation if ever there was one—being not only a maritime power but a prime explorer of the breeze for powering windmills—should have been the first Europeans to experiment with harnessing wind for motion on land.

Stevin probably constructed at least two *zeilwagens*. The smaller, presumably the prototype, appears to have been a six- to eight-seater, perhaps seven or eight feet long, with a 12-foot mast and ships that carried one square sail and a gaily royal flag at the top of its mast. According to the only reliable drawing of the vehicle, it was steered by an enormous tiller from the front pair of heavy coken, 12-spoked wheels.

By contrast, the larger 26-seater was a noble machine—15 or more feet long, six feet wide, with two masts, each carrying a large square sail. The main timbers of the chassis appear to be 9" by 9", at least, and one can imagine the surprise of the peasants and fisherfolk as this juggernaut roared northward up the beach at 25 or more miles an hour, speeing sand from beneath its massive wheels, with a low thunderous noise issuing from the strained metal of the plain iron axles.

This *zeilwagen* was steered from the rear, and Stevin had equipped it with elaborate rigging to make the transatlantic firm itself as the back axle moved. By all accounts the machine was not much good unless running dead before the wind, al-

though at one point the steersman (in this case Prince Maurice himself) had a good deal of fun putting the tiller sharply to his right and whisking the ungainly vessel hard a-port, straight toward the water, only to correct northward at the last possible second.

It is unlikely that any of the passengers had ever traveled at even half the speed of the *zeilwagen*, for in good going it must have touched nearly 40 miles an hour. "Men which ran before seemed to run backwards, and places which seemed a huge way off, were passed by almost in a moment" were the impressions of one astounded *zeilwagen* passenger. Bystanders found themselves unable to recognize the faces of passengers, so much of a blur did the speed of the *zeilwagen* induce. "It disappeared from sight almost at the moment it was sighted," gasped one.

Hugo Grotius, 17, who was one of the inaugural passengers, wrote: "You must believe me when I say that *zeilwagens* nearly escape the winds that move them." Later in life, still vastly impressed by Stevin's device, Grotius composed no fewer than 22 Latin epigrams—mostly very boring—in its praise, and in ensuing years, whenever Dutch rulers wished to awe important visitors, a ride in the *zeilwagen* was arranged.

At the end of 1794 the revolutionary French invaded Holland, and frivolities such as sand yachts were forgotten. The smaller machine had long since disappeared, and now the larger and more important one was sold at an official sale of public property. A Dutch fisherman bought it for a trifling sum and stored it in a shed. In 1811, when the chariot was over 200 years old, the fisherman's shed collapsed. Times were poor and fuel was scarce, so the man demolished both shed and *zeilwagen*. Two years later, when William of Orange, later King William I, ousted the French, he inquired after the machine—only to be told that it had been destroyed.

Would Simon Stevin have been flattered to learn that his *zeilwagen* was still in demand after two centuries? Probably not. That austere man of science had regarded it as no more than a mechanical toy. Among all his published works—the notes, theories, dissertations, proofs and patents—there is not one word mentioning this, his most famous creation.

—J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## WINNING WAYS

Sirs:

George Allen's *A Hundred Percent Is Not Enough* (July 9) is truly superb. Here is a man who exhibits the qualities and beliefs on which this great nation was founded: hard work has its just rewards. It was a tremendous article, showing perhaps the greatest football trend the game has ever had.

BARREY G. HASTINGS

Matthews, N.C.

Sirs:

*A Hundred Percent Is Not Enough* should put an end to all speculation of how George Allen was able to convert the Redskins from a perennial loser to an NFL powerhouse in one year. This thought-provoking article should be mandatory reading for high school and college students. It is a scholarly lesson for all of us.

You might be interested to know that despite his complete dedication to the Redskins on an around-the-calendar basis Coach Allen still finds time to devote attention and effort to community and charitable endeavors here in Washington. I also can safely say that he gets 110% loyalty from his players, which in the world of the NFL is a real accomplishment.

ROBERT M. JOHNSON  
Member, Board of Governors  
Touchdown Club of Washington

Washington

Sirs:

Added much fanfare from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, the Lombardesque philosophy that winning is the essence of life is apparently enjoying a renaissance, with its disciple now being Coach George Allen of the Washington Redskins. How sad. While some of Allen's sayings ("Never take anything for granted" is an example) are commendable, others such as "Winning is living" are repulsive. Some people feel that competing and enjoying are a bigger part of life than winning. By this I mean that if a person tries as hard as he can (another Allenism) yet still doesn't win, he may feel just as elated as one who has set a world record. A couple of good examples of this are the Special Olympics and the Wheelchair Olympics. For the people involved in these types of competition there is pure joy in just being able to participate. And if they lose, they do not "die a little."

Maybe Mr. Allen's philosophy "Every time you win, you're reborn; when you lose, you die a little" is good in the narrow world he occupies, but real life does not necessarily work that way.

BRENT ROSENTHAL

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Come on, George Allen doesn't tell it exactly like it is. He failed to explain that his 110% attitude has included such tactics as trading momentary draft choices.

BOB SUSMAN

St. Louis

Sirs:

The article by George Allen with Joe Marshall has given me a different viewpoint on Mr. Allen. Until now I had thought of him as a relentless man who cared only about winning games and not about people as individuals. Now I realize that in addition to an intense desire to win, which any good coach must have, he also has deep concern for others and a lot of common sense about life in general. He is very much a human being and many of us have a lot to learn from his philosophy of life.

RICHARD FEUER

New York City

Sirs:

All George Allen needs is a giant cookie cutter. Then he could really mold his personnel into the players he wants. Gee, I can remember way back when sports were fun.

WIBBLY MARTIN

Enc, Pa.

## NEW STAR IN TEXAS

Sirs:

Thanks for the in-depth story of David Clyde's first game for the Texas Rangers (*Down Debar for Clyde*, July 9). The people of the Dallas-Fort Worth area are finally excited over the Rangers. Last year we went to Arlington Stadium for the novelty of seeing our major league team; this year there was no reason to go—until Clyde came along.

KEN KINWAS

Bodford, Texas

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fine article on rookie pitcher David Clyde. Fagge, though, with Ranger Manager Whang Herzog, they are asking too much too soon.

JOHN KNOBLOCH

Normal, Ill.

Sirs:

Ron Fimre's article wasn't bad, but comparing David Clyde to Sandy Koussis, Nolan Ryan and Sam McDowell is going a little too far. Clyde may have filled the stadium and won his first game but he is no Koufay. Not yet. He does have a good-looking girl friend, though.

FRANK REDLIN

Summit, S. Dak.

Sirs:

Spore Ted Williams the blame for the Ranger wreckage. Ted's managerial deficiency was simply coming up Short.

MARK FROST

Glens Falls, N.Y.

## BUFFALO'S NEW BRAVE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jane Geiss and SI for a fine article on Ernie DiGregorio (*In the Braves' New World, a Cowboy Doesn't Cramble*, July 9). He has proven at Providence, in the Russian series and at rookie camp that he is truly a superstar. With Ernie on the Braves' roster, the city of Buffalo has a good chance of having a playoff contender.

DALE STEINWALD

Buffalo

## BATTLEGROUND

Sirs:

After reading with sadness about S.S. Wolftrapper in *Last Battle* is a Most Fiendish (*Last* July 21) recalled Aldo Leopold's memories (*A Sand County Almanac*) of his first wolf hunt and the awareness he gained:

"We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes. I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes—something known only to her and to the mountain. I was young then, and full of trigger-stitch. I thought that because fewer wolves meant more deer, that no wolves would mean hunters' paradise. But after seeing the green fire die, I sensed that neither the wolf nor the mountain agreed with such a view."

MARK A. LARSON

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Robert F. Jones' article on salmon fishing in British Columbia. I especially enjoyed his portrayal of S.S. Wolftrapper. It ranks as SI's best article since I began reading the magazine.

CRAG EBBE

Rockville, Md.

Sirs:

*Last Battle* is one of the most beautiful pieces of descriptive writing I have read.

JOHN H. SCHUSTER

North Windham, Conn.

## BULLET BOB

Sirs:

Kenny Moore is to be commended for his article on Bob Hayes (*Hey, Look Who's Become a Cowboy*, July 21), who was treated unfairly last year by the Cowboys.

A lot of people cannot figure out Tom Lan-

continued

# If you're thinking about buying a new car, ask your dealer the following questions:

## 1. Does he have a new way of doing business after the sale?

☐ Yes ☐ No


We do. We're the more than 6,000 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers with a goal: No unhappy owners. And because we're committed to this goal, you'll find some better ideas in service—many are in response to what car owners said they wanted. These new ways of doing business are designed to

help you whether your work is performed under the new car warranty at our expense or later at your own cost.

## 2. Does he offer any service protection after the new car warranty expires?

☐ Yes ☐ No

We do. Of course, any new car is covered by a new car warranty. But what happens after that warranty expires? We know you want to get service work done right the first time. That's why we have a special service guarantee that applies to any age car. This protection is in addition to the new car warranty.

## 3. What are the terms of that protection?

Here are ours. We guarantee our service work on any age car for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first. If the repair or replacement fails in normal service within that period, it'll be fixed free of charge—parts and labor. That's right—a service guarantee on any age car.

## 4. Does he ask you to grade his service?

☐ Yes ☐ No


We do. After your car is repaired, you'll receive a service report card. It's your way to grade the service done on your car. And it's our way of finding out what we're doing right—and what needs to be improved.

## 5. Is the work signed by the service technician?

☐ Yes ☐ No

In these Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships, the man who personally does the work on your car signs a card to thank you. This card also asks you to tell his boss how he did. An extra incentive for him. An extra assurance for you.



## 6. Does he give you a service convenience card?

☐ Yes ☐ No

We will. And you can call the toll-free number on the card anytime you're on the road and need help with your car. The line is available seven days a week, 24 hours a day. An operator will tell you the name and telephone number of the nearest Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer. If it's after business hours, the operator will usually be able to help you find a local towing service, a place to get minor repairs, even help you make a motel reservation for the night.



## 7. If you still have a problem, is there someone to turn to?

☐ Yes ☐ No

With us, yes. Most problems end right at the dealership, but if you still have a problem, you or your dealer can contact the nearest Ford Customer Service Division Office. For their address, call 800-648-4848\*. Write them and describe your problem. Include your telephone number. Then a Customer Service Division representative will contact you quickly. And he'll work with you and the dealer to try to straighten things out.

\*In Nevada, 1-800-962-7777. In Alaska, 206-648-4848. In Hawaii, 808-962-4848.

## The goal: No unhappy owners.

If you're thinking about buying a new Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, it's something to think about. And if you're thinking about buying a different make of car, then it's really something to think about.

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# What kind of a man sells for Occidental?

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would want an agent to do for you. Then it becomes a matter of planning — not selling."

N.W. "Jerry" Solomon is our general agent in Lincoln, Nebraska. He specializes in pension and group business and in estate planning. He particularly enjoys the challenge of figuring out what a man can do to minimize the loss in his estate's value. Every case is different, and the picture changes constantly. "So I have to keep studying and working."

Jerry's study and hard work have paid off. He's a six time member of the Million Dollar Round Table, and has just been elected president of the Nebraska State Association of Life Underwriters. He's a past president of the Lincoln Life Underwriters and the Lincoln Chartered Life Underwriters.

He loves working with people and his list of civic organizations proves it. Chamber of Commerce, Red Cross, United Fund, Rotary, Elks, VFW, Scottish Rite, Masons, Shriners, and the Presbyterian Church are just the beginning.

But the thing Jerry will tell you about first is that he plays a mean piano for the Shrine Deland Band. And even before he sells you insurance, he'll sell you a new record they've just made!

If you'd like to become an Occidental agent, write to Bill Stannard at the address provided on the opposite page.

It's a smart move.  
**Occidental Life**

## 10TH HOLE continued

dry. For instance, he shuffles Craig Morton and Roger Staubach at quarterback and then when he finally decides to start Staubach, the Cowboys win the Super Bowl. Maybe if Landry started Hayes and Staubach they would win the Super Bowl again. I just hope for the Cowboys' sake that Hayes does not get traded and then come back to haunt them. If Hayes is given a chance, he will prove himself, and a chance is all he is asking for. If not, I guess Bullet Bob will still be the fastest wig-seller around.

JACK JAMES

Tampa

Sirs:

As far as I am concerned Bumbling Bob Hayes can go run track and sell wigs all year. How can he try to put the blame on Craig Morton by saying, "Morton is not the best bomb thrower?" Two bombs that Morton threw to Hayes were perfect, and sure touchdowns, but Hayes dropped them.

Also, in referring to the Ron Sellers trade you said Dallas got Otto Stowe and a No. 2 pick for Sellers. That is wrong. Dallas got Stowe while Miami got Sellers and a No. 2 pick. But I agree that it should have been the other way around.

DENNY WHITEHEAD

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

As a Redskins fan I have booted the Dallas Cowboys for several years, but I have to give three cheers to Kenny Moore for his fascinating article on Bob Hayes, a cool Cowboy and super speedster.

JOHN GRANT

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

You went too far this time with Kenny Moore's story of Bob Hayes' fashioning wig. This is a sports magazine, not *New York*.

THOMAS HASKATY

Yonkers, N.Y.

## FASHION NOTE

Sirs:

Bill Walton looked like a slob at Sweet Sister's wedding (Photo, July 2). His hair resembled a rat's nest, he was wearing a short-sleeve shirt and, judging from the picture, blue jeans that looked like they were about to fall off. Come on, Bill! Take a couple of tips from Walt Frazier.

JENNY HIGGINS

Irrington, N.J.

## WEIGHTY PERFORMANCES

Sirs:

Since weight lifting has never been known to suffer from too much publicity, I hesitate to be critical of anyone who writes about it. However, there are shortcomings in your June 25 story that just cannot be ignored.

continued

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The title, *Clean Wars for Ben* (entire Nov-July), bombs out completely and the text leads one to suspect that Dan Levitt lacks a deep understanding of the sport.

Fredie Lowe's exploits certainly deserved to be acknowledged, but on this particular occasion Phil Grippaldi's performance hands compared with some of the other big moments. I don't mean to knock Phil, because over the years he has been one of our country's shining lights. But Bob Bedmar's return to the heavyweight throne after a long period in limbo was a far more dramatic event.

Also, for those able to transcend the image of weight lifters as beefy lunks, there was no bigger thrill than the triumph of York Barbell's Don Warner. By winning the flyweight crown on his first try this fine little athlete became—at the tender age of 14—the youngest senior national champion in history.

EARO BROWNS

Yurk, Pa.

#### BRUCE AND BIG A

Sirs,

Upon reading John Underwood's article *Golf's Devil & Hyde* (June 18) I realized that

some talented writer had once again immortalized one of golf's antitheses. The story revealed the conflicts of a very human though much misunderstood and misjudged Bruce Crampton. I am confident that in the near future this golfing perfectionist will possess a following of loyal rooters.

On June 24 Crampton won his fourth title of the year with a three-stroke victory in the American Golf Classic, increasing his year's earnings to \$204,200. But even more significant than his victory in the tournament was the sincere greeting Bruce gave to the fans. Before you know it "Mr. Hyde" will fade away.

ANDREWS SHIH

Willowdale, Ontario

Sirs,

I have long admired Bruce Crampton as a golfer, and after having read John Underwood's article I admire him even more as a man. The kind of honesty and integrity he possesses seems to have become a thing of the past, unfortunately.

As for personality, I was happy to read about his new Big A philosophy. I know it is working because I have seen it in action. I was watching Crampton tee off last spring

during the Gailbird Jacksonville Open when I noticed a man in the gallery railing the change in his pocket. Crampton also noticed, and politely asked the man to stop. After he had hit his shot Bruce walked over to the man, smiled and told him that jangling change was a nervous habit he had, too. Following the exchange Crampton walked off down the fairway leaving everyone in the gallery smiling. Does that sound like Mr. Hyde?

RICHARD M. CROWLEY

Vakarua, Ga.

Sirs,

May I raise three rousing cheers for Bruce Crampton? Being somewhat of a "don't" myself, I have deep empathy for his poor choice of words, but it pleases me to know that there is one thoroughly honest man alive in the world. I hope he will never try so hard to be liked that he will turn black and white to gray.

A. McNAULY

Lamar, Mo.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Tenth & Lipp Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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